SATURDAY NIGHT

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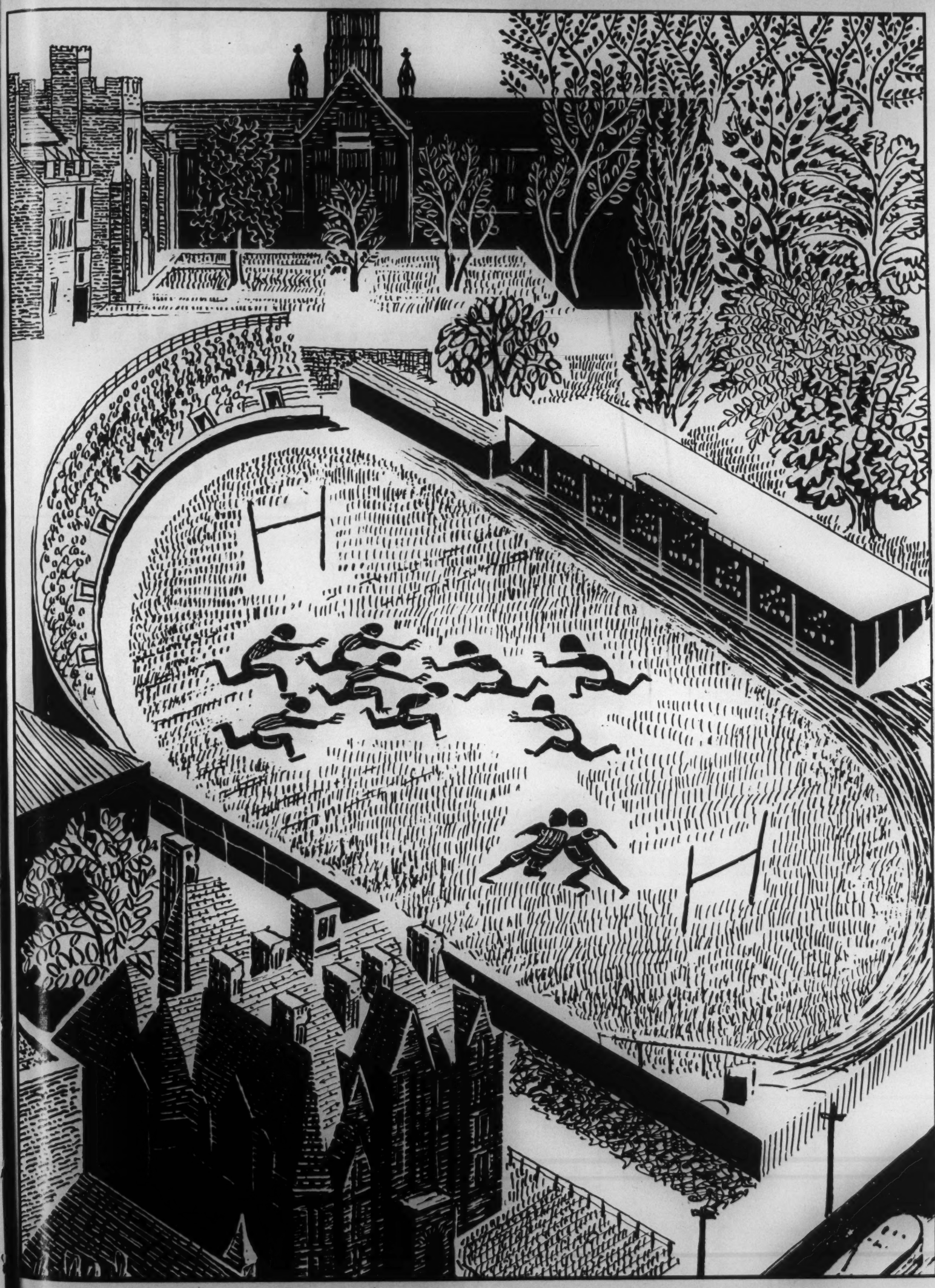

This week the Universities of Canada re-open. Canadian artist Eric Aldwinckle here takes a highly stylized view over the University of Toronto Stadium. For others see pages 2 and 3.

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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THE FRONT PAGE

Courteous Conservatives

LIKE many of our friends we were astonished by the decision of the Progressive Conservative Party leaders to let Mr. Pearson, the new Minister for External Affairs, take the seat for Algoma East without a fight, at least as far as they were concerned. The reason they gave was that, in the upset state of the world, Mr. Pearson was needed in Ottawa and elsewhere rather than in Algoma East.

Nobody would deny that the world is upset, but this does not mean that Mr. Pearson cannot be spared from Ottawa to fight a by-election. To argue in this way seems to us to run contrary to the very principle that the Prog.-Cons. have been arguing most strongly (and rightly, we think) in the House and out of it.

The Prog.-Cons. have, surely, been standing for the importance of the elected representatives of the people as against the experts, for the importance of the M.P. as against the administrator. And the one thing that makes an M.P. different from anyone else, and gives him his special standing, is the fact that he has fought and won an election. Thus we should have expected the Prog.-Cons. to consider an election for parliament more important than almost anything else.

It was for the Liberals, not the Conservatives, to weigh the pros and cons of taking Mr. Pearson out of Ottawa just at this time. After all, the government knows the international situation. If Mr. Pearson's presence in Ottawa had been considered essential they could have let him go on being the deputy minister of his Department for a few months before bringing him into the cabinet and making him minister, or else they could have brought him into the cabinet and put off the by-election. The story of General MacNaughton shows that the Liberals are not squeamish about having in the cabinet for quite a long time a minister who has not yet won his seat in the House.

We hope that, with the new leader to be chosen next week, the Progressive Conservatives will show more determination to fight for their principles, even when the fighting ground is not very good from their point of view. And after all, Algoma East was by no means a hopeless battlefield. True, it had been won by a Liberal (the same man) in three successive elections, but his majority fell in the second and third contests. Surely it would have been far better for the Conservatives to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all. Their act last week was indeed generous and gentlemanly, but it was not good politics. *C'est magnifique—mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*

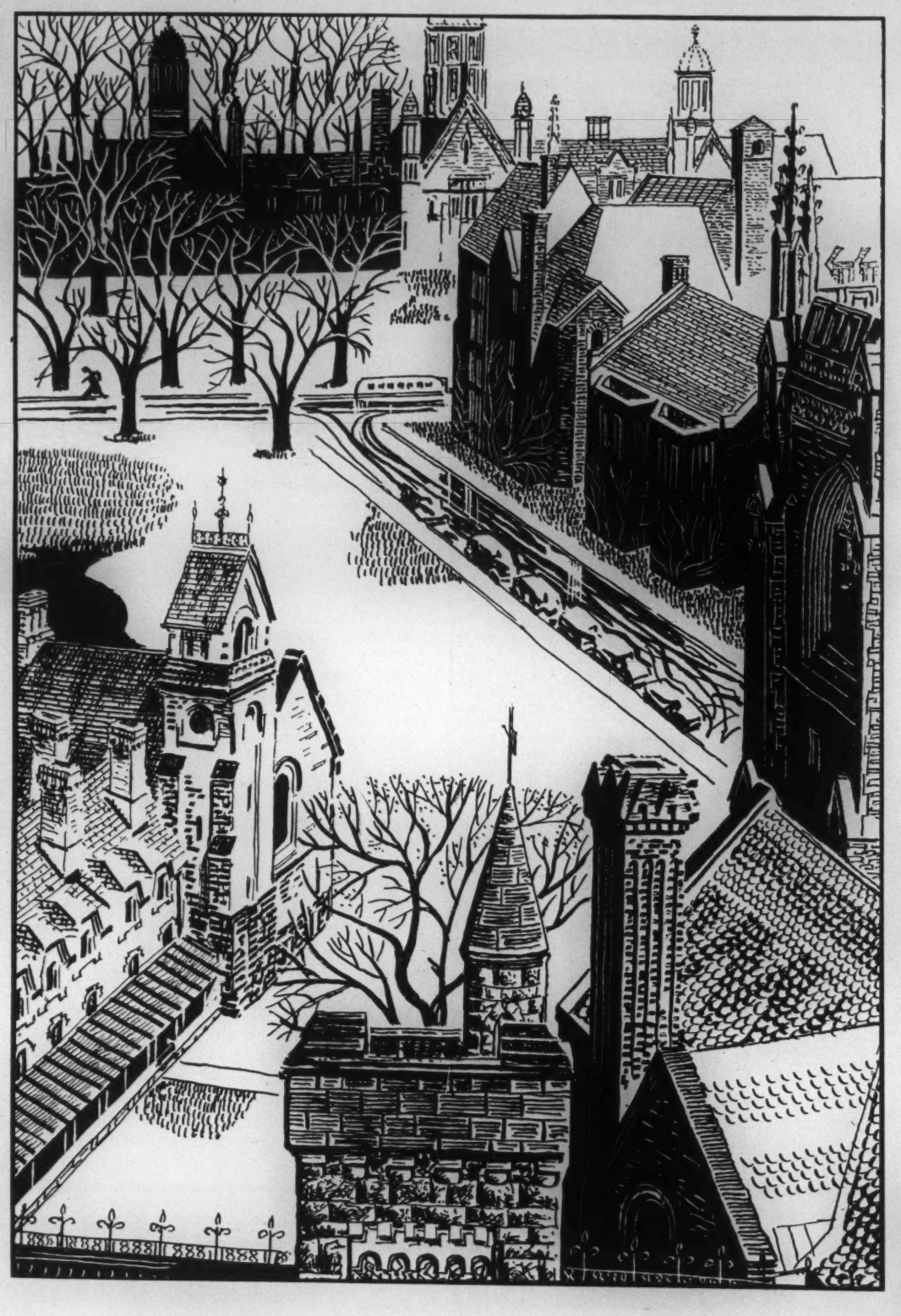
U.N. Assembly

THE annual meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations opened a few days ago in Paris under the shadow of the murder of Count Bernadotte. As we write, the Israeli government is doing its best to find the murderers, but even if it succeeds its standing in the eyes of the world and of the Assembly will, unhappily, have been damaged by the murder which casts doubt on its ability to control the unruly elements under its jurisdiction. As Mr. Willson Woodside points out in his article on page 14, this will lessen the chance that Israel will be accepted as a member of the U.N. and that it will get official (de jure) recognition and financial aid from the United States.

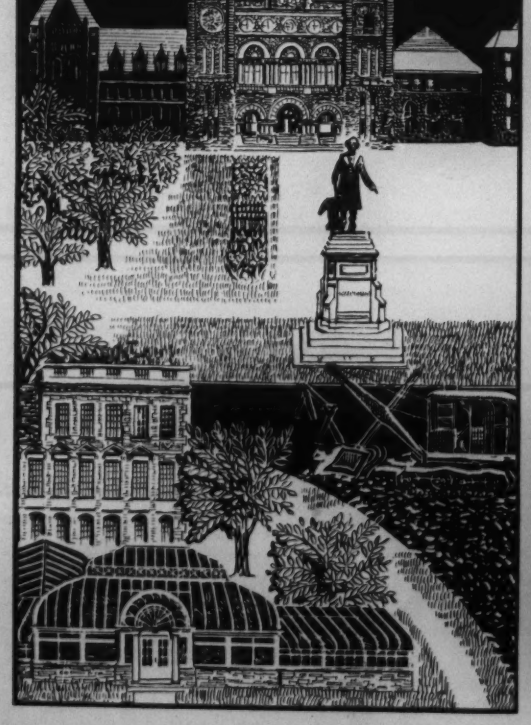
It is easy to lose faith in the U.N. these days; it has left undone so many of the things that its sponsors, including ourselves, would have liked it to do. Nevertheless, it still stands as the only hope for a better world order. Rome was not built in a day, and the U.N. is a much more difficult piece of construction than the Imperial City.

We have sent a strong delegation to Paris, headed by the Prime Minister. (Nobody in Ottawa has yet deigned to explain why we

(Continued on Page Five)



CALLAGHAN ON THE SOUL ALDWINCKLE ON THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



DOES THE University of Toronto possess a soul? (Undergraduates, and recent graduates, of McGill and Queen's will kindly refrain from ribald interruptions.) If it has a soul, what is the nature of that soul, and is it functioning healthily, as souls ought to function? These are questions which have worried Mr. Morley Callaghan ever since he was an undergraduate at St. Mike's. The ordinary answers are (1) No; (2) Answered by (1). But Mr. Callaghan has never been satisfied with these answers. He has been walking round the university three times a week for twenty years with a Geiger counter or a seismograph or a divining rod or whatever it is that novelists use when looking for souls, and every now and then he is convinced he gets a wiggle. He has written a book about these wiggles.

Mr. Callaghan is without doubt a topographical literary artist of great skill. Every Torontonian who has read "Strange Fugitive" and "It's Never Over" knows exactly where every scene in those novels took place, but so closely does Toronto resemble Rochester and Buffalo that Americans were never aware that they were reading about a "foreign" country, and so they bought Mr. Callaghan's books with enthusiasm. To achieve this result Mr. Callaghan naturally had to avoid calling streets by their proper (and rather Toronto-ish) names; and it must have been a great relief to him to be able to talk freely, as he does in this book, about Hoskin Avenue, St. Mary Street, the Parliament Buildings, and even—but purely for local color and as if they were monuments—Canon Cody, Principal Hutton and Professor—Ah no, we were forgetting, he merely describes that professor though he does name several others. For this book is quite frankly about the University of Toronto in search of its soul, and Americans, and even Queen's and McGill men, are warned off. Let them go and look for their own university's soul; that will keep them busy.

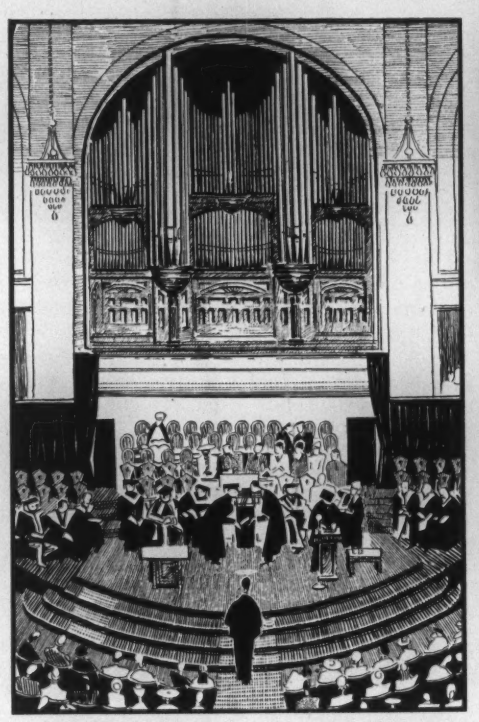
By B. K. SANDWELL

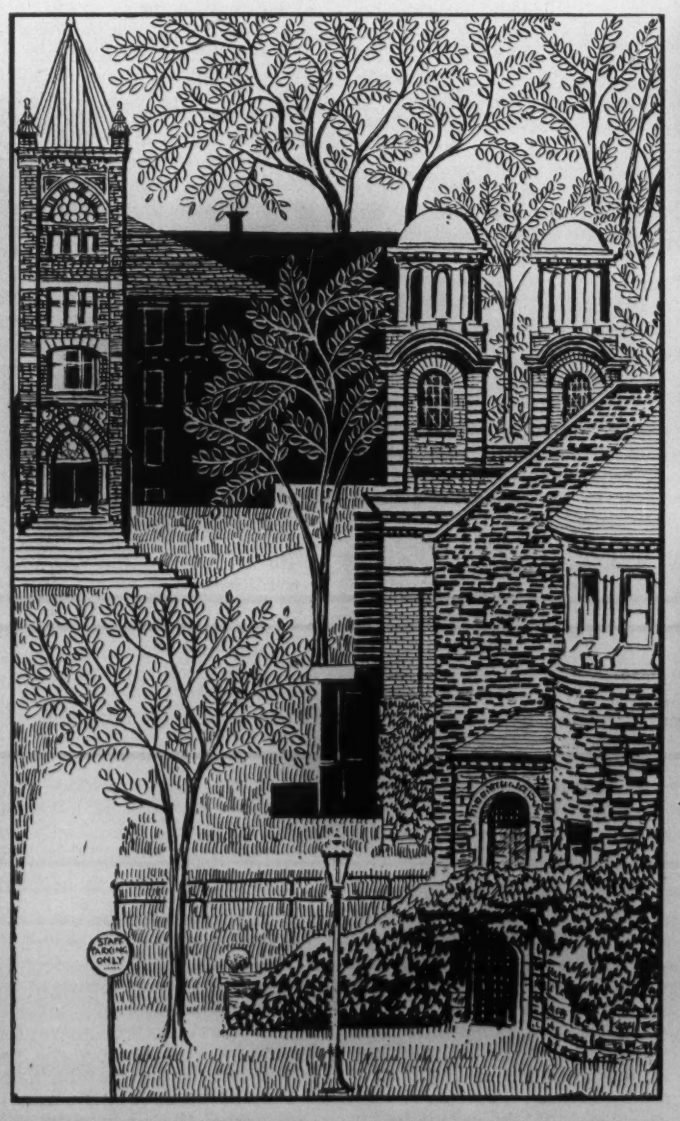
The technique is clever. Mr. Callaghan shows us the university as seen through the eyes of Warden Tyndall of Hart House, who is a New Zealander and could not possibly be mistaken for Warden Bickersteth or Warden Ignatieff, and who quite rightly tries himself to see the university through the eyes of individual undergraduates and graduates. At first he doesn't see much, but by degrees the soul takes form—cloudy form, but that is the manner of souls. And what Mr. Callaghan is most anxious to make clear, and what does emerge most unmistakably is that that soul is not in the least like the soul of Oxford or Cambridge, and it would be a frightful mistake if it ever tried to be.

Tyndall had been drawn to Toronto in part by the landscapes of the Group of Seven with their sense of a "sombre operatic country" rather like the music of Sibelius. But in the 'twenties urban Canadians had not had time to learn to see their country through post-Tom Thomson eyes, and their sole interest in the

(*Continued on Page* 24)

THE ILLUSTRATIONS on these pages are selected from the drawings by Eric Aldwinckle, Canadian artist, for the book by Morley Callaghan, Canadian writer, "The Varsity Story" (Macmillan, $2.50). The appraisal of the book is by B. K. Sandwell, Canadian editor. The scenes here shown are more than familiar to thousands of graduates of the University of Toronto throughout the world and require no description in addition to the light which Mr. Aldwinckle sheds upon them.





Ottawa View

Long Or Short P.C. Plan?

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

EXACTLY eight weeks after the National Liberal Convention, meeting in the same city and in the same auditorium, the National Conservative party of Canada assembles for the same three purposes: to choose a new leader, to adopt a platform, and to strengthen party organization. With all the nuances and incidents of the Liberal gathering still fresh in our minds, it will be an interesting study in similarities and contrasts.

As in early August, the general public is following the leadership contest closely but displays little interest in the other two items on the agenda. This may be a sounder instinct than would appear at first glance. Unless they can find a leader able to capture the imagination of the Canadian public, neither the reshuffling of party planks nor the most industrious application to party re-organization is going to elect the Conservative party to office at Ottawa.

At this writing, it looks as though at least nine names will be placed before the convention when nominations for leadership are requested. The list, which contains two or three "courtesy" nominations, is as follows: Garfield Case, Donald Fleming, Davie Fulton, John Diefenbaker, George Drew, Gordon Graydon, J. M. Macdonnell, Ivan Sabourin, and John T. Hackett.

After the Boiling Down

The real contest will rapidly boil down to four candidates: Drew, Diefenbaker, Graydon and Fleming. The attitude of two of these had not been publicly announced when this letter was written. It is therefore quite possible that by the date of the opening of the convention the battle will have resolved itself into a choice between Drew and Diefenbaker.

In that event, I would expect the election of George Drew.

It is one thing to measure the several contestants against the job to be done and decide upon the most promising candidate: quite another to guess which of them can sweep the convention. And besides, a good deal depends on how far ahead the convention is looking. If it has its eye on the forthcoming general election and wants to make the best possible showing then, leaving the future to take care of itself, the selection will take one turn; if the party has decided that it isn't going to elect a majority in 1949 but by a radical overhaul of its policy and the selection of a long-term choice it can win in, say, 1953, or 1958, then the outcome will be quite different.

The Conservative party won 66 seats in 1945, just over half what it needed to form a government. Its popular vote at that time was about 1,300,000; or 29 per cent of the total vote cast. It needs, probably, another 500,000 votes in order to beat out the Liberals at the next general election. So far the periodic surveys of party support conducted by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion have not shown any upsurge for the Conservatives sufficient to bring them into the zone of probable victory, the swing from month to month ranging between 24 per cent and 29 per cent of the popular vote. While such straw votes have limited value in forecasting party standing by seats, they have consistently warned parties of trends. (The survey of Quebec published on May 7, 1948, clearly foreshadowed the sweeping defeat of Godbout late in July.)

Another half million Conservative votes would bring the proportion of the popular vote close to 40 per cent and, if suitably distributed, would ensure the Conservatives sufficient seats to form a government; or at the minimum give them much the largest party. This is the measure of the task before the new leader, and the rejuvenated party—if it is rejuvenated.

The Strength and the Gap

The present strength of the party is so overwhelmingly in Ontario that its opponents sometimes chide it with being a one-province party. Of its 66 seats in the 20th parliament, no less than 48, or nearly three-quarters, are in Ontario. The remaining 18 are thinly scattered, two from Alberta, three from British Columbia, three from Manitoba, three from New Brunswick, three from Nova Scotia, one from each of Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Saskatchewan; one in the Yukon.

The outstanding gap is, of course, Quebec. Only once, in the political history of Canada, has a national party formed a government at Ottawa without a fair measure of support from Quebec, and that exception was under the highly abnormal and deplorable circumstances of 1917. The last time the Conservatives were in power, in 1930-35, they had 24 seats in Quebec. It is highly unlikely that they can get back into power until they find a leader and a formula able to win at least as many in Quebec as R. B. Bennett did in 1930. That victory was fashioned around a solid core of 59 seats in Ontario, 24 in Quebec, 23 in the Maritime provinces—not far from a clean sweep—23 on the prairies, and seven in British Columbia. The new Conservative leader must either hold Ontario, make great inroads into Quebec, and get at least a third of the seats in the remainder of Canada; or, failing a sweep in Ontario and solid support in the rest of the country, he must take Quebec away from the Liberals entirely. Quebec will have 73 seats in the new parliament. Any party which could win sixty seats or more in Quebec would, as always, be practically unbeatable, allowing for even the fringes of the rest of Canada. In 1921, 1925, 1926, and 1945, it was Mr. Mackenzie King and the Liberals who pivoted adroitly around a solid core in Quebec. It remains to be seen if a new Conservative leader and a re-vamped party platform can do as much in the future.

Which of the four leading contestants—Drew, Diefenbaker, Fleming and Graydon—looks most promising to tackle this really formidable task? If it is true that party fortunes turn on success in Quebec, which should get the party endorsation?

The Slight Edge

If the leadership contest is finally between Drew and Diefenbaker, there appears to be a slight edge in this respect in favor of Drew, quite apart from other advantages the Ontario Premier may enjoy. It cannot candidly be said that either of them possesses the background and qualities such as to lead the *habitant* or the French-speaking industrial worker to take them to his heart in a demonstrative way. In fact, a few months ago I would have thought that neither of them was a good prospect for the French-speaking vote, certainly not if the alternative was Louis S. St. Laurent. But is now being contended on behalf of George Drew that his background of Ontario Tory Imperialism is much less offensive to Quebec than had been supposed, that he has developed a warm alliance with Duplessis in defending provincial rights, and that his provincial victory in the French-speaking sections of eastern Ontario in June shows his potential appeal there. Also, it is said that his unswerving antagonism to Communism commends him to the clergy. John Diefenbaker will have to go before the convention minus some of these selling points. I have never heard it suggested by Conservatives or anyone else that Diefenbaker was likely to triumph in Quebec, no matter how successful he may be elsewhere.

Rather oddly, the youngest of the active possibilities for leadership, Donald Fleming, has enjoyed a measure of adulation in certain parts of Quebec recently because of the speech he made, in French, denouncing Mr. St. Laurent for making the absolutely accurate but perhaps undiplomatic statement that Canadians could change their constitution if they so elected even in such drastic matters as the official status of the French language. This has been hailed by Camillien Houde and others as a fine gesture in defence of French-Canadian rights. Donald Fleming has hardly been on the political stage long enough to expect the leadership at this point, but he looks like a man to watch for the future.

If the Conservatives were to take a leaf from the Liberal book and search for a conciliator, a man with a genius for making friends, they have a very able one right in their own parliamentary front benches. Gordon Graydon has never thrust himself forward in the party, but as one looks back over the past ten years the conviction grows that he has probably had a more constructive influence on the party in that period than any other man in Canada.

Paintings by three "new Canadians"—John Worsley from England, Theodore Lee of China and Etienne Petitjean from France—are being featured at Eaton's Art Galleries in Toronto. Reproduced here is Petitjean's interesting comment on "Eglinton Fair".

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

MY RELATIONS seem quite wonderful when oceans lie between us.
My sisters and my brothers and my cousin who's like Venus,
My uncles, aunts and nephews and my very pretty nieces
All reside in other countries and I love them all to pieces.
It's true they seem quite different when we spend a month together
And there's not a thing to talk about but Russia and the weather,
Or who is being rude to whom: why, then for shrouds I'd measure them,
But when they're out of sight and mind I positively treasure them.
Though others think their relatives are definitely harassing,
It's my relations with my relatives I always find embarrassing.

STEPHEN MALLORY

THE IDEALIST

HE HAD not known that life could be so hard.
Or that the world was such a lonely place.
From childhood he had turned an open face
To all of those he met, without regard
For name or creed or whether they were starred
For good or ill; for him the black disgrace
Was failure to run out an honest race
Or ridicule of those bereft or scarred.

But now his eyes are shadowed with vague fear,
His lips shrink backward from the blow of pain
And all he planned to do before he died—
The beauty that would blossom year by year—
Is hope miraged upon a hopeless plain
And vinegar to ease the crucified.

GILEAN DOUGLAS

SONG FOR POOR LOVERS

HOLINESS ever dwelt with humble things. The dusty ledge to which the sparrows come,
With morning in the music of their wings
Is beautiful. One room may hold the sum
Of quiet beauty, or a table set
With simple delft seem like a banquet-board
When love is breakfasting. Though men forget
How rich it is, love only can afford
All that it takes to make a dream come true
For countless proud young lovers such as you.

R. H. GRENVILLE

Passing Show

PREMIER Costello says that Ireland will not join any defence pacts until partition is ended. It seems lucky that defence pacts can get along without Ireland.

•

We don't care what history says, we are convinced that the revolving door was invented by a President of France.

•

Veterans who build their own houses are reported to do it for 35 cents a cubic foot when the cost of commercially built houses is 50

cents and upwards. Which leads to a horrible suspicion that veterans either do not charge themselves union rates or work for themselves with more than union energy.

Well, at least it's unwise to be cheeky to them.

•

While they are abolishing the freight-rate "mountain differential" between British Columbia and the rest of Canada, what about abolishing the climatic "mountain differential" between the rest of Canada and British Columbia?

•

From the number of excuses the Canadian dailies are printing about charging five cents a copy, one would imagine that they didn't think they were really worth that price.

•

Of Preparation

The ample crops are being gathered in;
Soldiers doff summer garb for winter tunic;
Mother preserves her peaches, and Berlin
Is getting ready for another Munich.

J. E. P.

•

Dr. Brock Chisholm says that large families are going to cause overpopulation. The trouble is he said it in English, and it only makes sense in a language like Chinese.

•

The lake seamen will soon have all winter in which to decide which kind of union men they want to work with and which kind they want to throw in the lake.

•

Canadians are too modest, says Leo Dolan. Sure we are, but we don't boast about it.

•

Lucy says the Progressive Conservatives had better guess right this time, as they may not have many more guesses coming.

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

have not sent M.P.'s from opposition parties on this occasion, but the delegation is strong nevertheless.) A little aloof from the more violent struggles and hates that will be reviewed at the Assembly, our group can still play its quiet, useful part in trying to bring a measure of order out of world chaos. The danger is that we shall get tired of trying.

Save More

DURING the next two or three weeks many employers will be making plans for payroll savings in connection with the sale of the Third Series of Canada Savings Bonds.

Habits of saving, amongst wage earners and other groups in the community, have suffered since the war. This is natural enough. All sorts of factors have worked together to produce a spending spree in the years since wartime shortages ended, since price controls came off, and since men and women came out of the armed forces and the war factories with nice little nest-eggs. But the time for that is over and we should be building up again the spirit of self-reliance and thrift.

And from the point of view of the country, as well as the individual, the savings are needed. They are needed to finance the very large capital outlays that businesses and governments are making on capital projects and to drain off some of the inflationary pressure that these outlays set up. In an article on page 34, we point out that these outlays are, this year, greater than ever before—and so, therefore, is the need for savings.

On Inlets and Outlets

IN THE most recent issue of that admirable Canadian publication, *International Journal*, Dr. Hugh Keenleyside writes an interesting and entertaining article on "Canadian Immigration Policy". We found ourselves in almost complete agreement with him until (rather unnecessarily we thought) he took a poke at us.

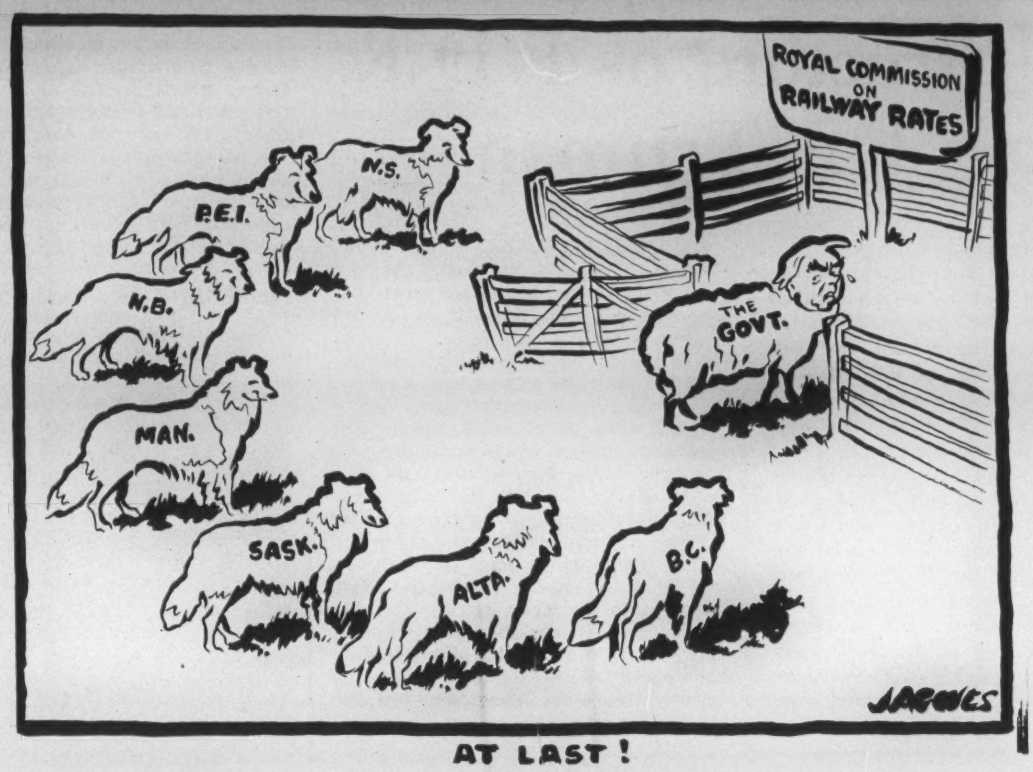
He says that we have "been preaching the doctrine that Canada needs as immigrants *chiefly* the hewers of wood and drawers of water who will do the rough and manual tasks that native Canadians find increasingly distasteful." Then he adds, "An extended adherence to this theory would result inevitably in a radical reduction in the national standards of intelligence and competence. Canada needs the educated as well as the strong of back; the scientist, professor, doctor, and businessman as well as the unskilled worker."

When we read this we could not help thinking that Dr. Keenleyside had "resolved to have a battle" over nothing in particular, because the only word that he could possibly object to is *chiefly* which we have put in italics.

Our readers, who, we are pleased to believe, include Dr. Keenleyside, will all agree that we have been as happy as any Canadian publication over the high level of skills and talents represented by many of our postwar immigrants, and we have protested more vigorously than most over the way in which some skilled groups, including the doctors and some trade unions, have tried to shut out competition from abroad. On the other hand we do feel, and feel strongly, that we can take in a lot more unskilled workers as well. Much of our social and economic life has been built up on a fairly large and continuing supply of such labor from overseas. We seem to be able to produce scientists and professors and doctors and businessmen quite readily here at home; but we are not, and have never been, very good at producing unskilled workers.

While we are on the subject of Dr. Keenleyside's article we feel impelled to take a poke back at him. "Woven into the fabric of the Canadian immigration story," he says, "there is the *red thread of tragedy*—the exodus of Canadians, immigrants and native born alike, to the United States." Once again, we have taken the liberty of putting into italics the only words about which there can be any squabble.

It is, indeed, a pity that so many of our well-educated Canadians have gone south. It involves an apparent loss of much of the money and effort spent on their education. But we would not, even in our more poetical moments, have thought of describing this as a "red thread of tragedy."



AT LAST!

The basic reason why Canadians go south is, as Dr. Keenleyside points out, that the United States, with its metropolis at New York, is a great, vital, vigorous country with many sorts of opportunity that, naturally, cannot be found up here. Emigration to the United States is the price we pay for living next door. Yet the advantages do not flow entirely southward—even if we limit our attention to the movement of technical skills.

We can get statistics for the Canadians who, after getting their education here, took their technical skills away with them to the U.S. But can we get statistics for the skills and methods and techniques that we have imported from the United States? Yet these run through our whole way of life—our motor cars and our washing machines and our radios and a thousand gadgets in our homes and offices and factories. If some unseen barrier were set up along the frontier to the movement of scientific knowledge and industrial know-how it is we, not the Americans, who would be the great sufferers. Moreover, the fact that there are so many people in the United States who came from Canada and who know and love this country means that we have an especially ready access to the new discoveries, inventions and techniques that are developed there.

Dr. Keenleyside seems to want a country that has an inlet and no outlet. We think there are some advantages in having an outlet too, and even some advantages in living next-door to the United States!

A Man of Taste

DR W. K. LAMB was coming out of the Prime Minister's office in Ottawa when we happened to run into him a couple of weeks ago. Of course we should have put two and two together then. Instead we were surprised—and pleased—by Mr. King's announcement that he would be the new Dominion Archivist.

At no time is it an easy job to run a large library and supervise an important set of archives, but just at present the post of Dominion Archivist is especially difficult and important. It is important because new plans are afoot for a greatly expanded National Library in connection with the general scheme for building up Ottawa as the national capital. It is difficult because the war had such devastating effects on the book-publishing industries of Britain and Europe. In London alone more than 12,000,000 books were destroyed by a single fire and shortage of paper and other difficulties make them difficult to replace. In Europe there are similar problems, aggravated by the fact that the important publishing centres in the east of Germany are cut off by the iron curtain. Many books—even standard books—are out of print and difficult to get. Dr. Lamb has just come back from overseas where he spent quite a lot of time in second-hand shops looking for books that before the war would have been readily obtainable from the publishers but now have to be ferreted out of holes and corners.

His education in Canada, England and Paris, and his wide experience including the posts of provincial archivist and librarian in British Columbia and more recently librarian of the University there, fit him well for his new position. Moreover, he is clearly a man of high standards and wide interests for, under his arm when we ran into him, we noticed a copy of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Power Shortage

WE HAVE every sympathy with the Hydro officials in Ontario who are trying to ration out a supply of power that is a good deal less than the people and industries of the province want to use. They probably prayed all summer for rain to fill up their reservoirs, but not enough fell. Of course, if plans for producing more power had been pressed forward three years ago, things would have been better; but it is no good crying now over opportunities lost then.

We have three suggestions to make. One is that the public may as well accept the situation without too much grumbling. The second, which came to us in bed the other morning when the whole earth and sky was bright with sunrise and the street lights were still blazing, is that the municipal hydro commissions had better set a good example themselves if they want the rest of us to do what they ask. The third is that Chairman Robert Saunders of the Provincial Commission should appoint a Housewives' Advisory Board that could at least keep him from making any more silly suggestions.

We listened to him on the radio long enough to hear him ask the housewives of the province to do their ironing on Saturdays; he said that their electric irons caused a serious peak demand for power on Tuesdays, the usual ironing day.

We fear that housewives, even Conservative housewives, will not iron on Saturdays unless they wash on Fridays, and they will not wash on Fridays unless the two preceding days, Wednesdays and Thursdays, become the weekly holidays when, for one reason or another, the weekly washing piles up. In short, Mr. Saunders can only get what he is asking for if he can arrange for the week-end to come in the middle of the week, and we doubt his ability to do so.

Liberty vs. Equality

THE French revolutionary slogan, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity", is heard so often in modern democracies that nobody gives it a thought. We take for granted that people in any civilized country will be striving for equality, at least for equality of opportunity, and for liberty, at least for liberty from anything but the rule of law; (what we ought to do about fraternity is not always so clear).

It is seldom that anybody suggests any conflict between liberty and equality. Yet it is clear, on a moment's reflection, that governments are nowadays taking all sorts of measures that are supposed to promote economic equality and that most certainly conflict with complete economic liberty; this can be said about most economic legislation these days, and particularly about legislation designed, in one way or another, to "share the wealth."

The conflict, or the possibility of conflict, becomes more clear by comparing our own position with that of some other country where the same ideals have been followed but with a different emphasis. And nowhere is this done more effectively than in Professor Leslie Lipson's new book, "The Politics of Equality" (Gage, $6.60). It is primarily a study of New Zealand, but it is full of comparisons with other countries. Most of these are comparisons with the United States, but they might as well be with Canada.

Professor Lipson's point is this. North America and New Zealand both started out with the same ideals of liberty and equality and with a common political ancestry in Great Britain. But the main emphasis in North America has been on liberty; "it is a statue of Liberty which greets the visitor sailing towards Manhattan Island." In New Zealand, however, the main emphasis has been on equality, and this has led to a large measure of Socialism. In a small country, rich in agricultural resources, Socialism has helped a good many people, acute poverty and insecurity are now virtually unknown. But there have been bad effects as well as good. "Everything tends toward a norm, and deviation from the average becomes a cardinal sin. . . An exceptional worker is a menace to his mediocre comrade. . . . A small nation that has achieved so much in the field of social services . . cannot be dismissed as unimportant. Yet persistently New Zealand refuses opportunities to its most talented sons and daughters, denies them the chance of creative expression, and often drives them from its own shores in that annual 'export of brains' which is its greatest tragedy."

With Socialism spreading in this country, there is a great deal in this book that will interest thoughtful Canadians.

Votes for Our Chinese

THE most recent evidence of the growing spirit of democratic tolerance on our West Coast is the resolution, almost unanimous, passed in the final session of the convention of the Union of B.C. Municipalities, for giving the vote in civic elections to Canadian-born or naturalized Chinese. At its next session the Provincial Legislature should pass the necessary Act to put this resolution into effect.

The only member of the convention who was against the Chinese vote was Councillor J. W. Fletcher of West Vancouver and we hope that his electorate will consider this point seriously before deciding to re-elect him next December.

Salesman

IT WAS not until the final Saturday of the Canadian National Exhibition that we found time to take a leisurely stroll amongst the exhibits and through the midway. We had visited the Grand Stand performance the night before; as usual it was bigger and better and we appreciated the professionalism of Olsen and Johnson, as compared with a good deal of amateur stuff in pre-war years, but wondered whether those two comics could not have been persuaded to put on a show that was at least part Canadian instead of 100 per cent American.

Among the exhibits we were amazed by the strides that Canadian industry is making. Everywhere we saw evidence that Canadians are able to make new things, discover new and easier ways of doing old jobs, and think out new uses for old products. Nor is this ingenuity confined to our captains of industry. As we passed the open space where people were sitting around on benches and on the ground listening to the band, a newsboy came up and offered us a *Globe and Mail*: "Here y'are; good to read and good to sit on!"

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Are crushed, unrecognizable, and also
Inextricably mingled with my sandwiches,
For some mercurochrome and a few bandages?

J. E. P.

The Fine Party Structure of F.D.R. Has Fallen Apart For Truman

By CHARLES NICHOLS

Five components of the Democratic party gave it strength during the New Deal days and carried Roosevelt through four national elections. These were the traditional bloc of southern states, the elements of liberalism, the farm community, the forces of labor and, last but not least, the smooth working local political machines. This writer traces the break-up of the structure and shows the difficulty that President Truman faces in the coming election. The parts will probably come together again but, unfortunately for the Democrats, not likely by next November 2.

However, one large element of former Democratic power—Labor—still seems to be for Truman in the main, and, like F.D.R., Truman is going to campaign as the champion of Labor. Philip Murray and other C.I.O. leaders of 5 million C.I.O. members have assured him that he has their support. Similarly, George M. Harrison of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks and head of the A.F.L.'s pro-Truman committee, told the President that the chiefs of 7 million of the 8 million A.F.L. members were his allies. Whether or not the rank and file will follow the leaders is another matter, for Republicans have been observing with satisfaction some indications (S.N., Washington Letter, Sept. 18) that Labor was not entirely against the G.O.P.

Washington.

DISMEMBERMENT of the Democratic party—the party that has ruled the United States for more than a decade and a half—is an accomplished fact.

In an almost unprecedented exhibition of political masochism, a strong and apparently healthy party organization has torn itself apart. The southern states, which for close to a century have formed the enduring core of the Democratic body, have detached themselves. A part of that liberal element which gave the party vitality during the past 14 years has cut itself away. Eventually the parts will come together again. But the chances of all the President's horses and all the President's men being able to put them together before the coming national elections, are extremely slim.

There has been something abnormal about the process by which the party dismemberment took place. It was unnecessary and unnatural. And an examination of the causes which have brought it about provide what might be a study of political psychology in the United States.

The party built by the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932 was in many respects a new party. It was, perhaps, a first cousin of the Democratic party led by Woodrow Wilson during the First Great War. There was the same tendency to think beyond the borders of the community in which it lived; and the tendency was even more pronounced. There was the same preoccupation with the lot of what the American political lexicon defines as the Common Man. It had within itself, too, the same seeds of self-destruction that bedevilled the Wilson party—a mental hypochondria which led the followers of Wilson seriously to doubt the health of his mind, that led the followers of Truman to doubt the ability of the mind that directed them for three years.

The Democratic party that Roosevelt built carried the nation through four national elections. It appealed in substantial degree to all important sections of the electorate except the conservative right—and even some of that wing backed F.D.R. It satisfied the big city party machines, for Roosevelt was a practical politician in the strictest sense of the term. It satisfied the influential farm community. It did not alienate too much the conservatives south of the Mason-Dixon line. More important, it had the support of the vast organized labor movement which was just becoming a powerful political force at the beginning of the first Roosevelt term.

Pre-War Restiveness

It is true that during the period of relative prosperity that immediately preceded the Second Great War, there developed a restiveness among some elements in the party. They had been willing enough to go along with the rest in the years of economic crisis, when that seemed the only way to secure the party's life. When the economic stresses began to ease, they were less ready to do so.

The nomination of Harry S. Truman as Roosevelt's vice-presidential running-mate and lineal heir-apparent, was a rather macabre concession to those elements. Harry Truman was considered a safe man. He was bred and brought up politically as a creature of a party machine—a child of the notorious Pendergast organization in Missouri. He was from a border state, a man who might be trusted to have due regard for the sensitivities of the South.

He was, in fact, all things to all Democrats. Roosevelt was becoming old; his political family was showing signs of testiness; Truman would be a safe successor. These hard lines of thought were frankly acknowledged by the man who arranged Truman's nomination.

When the heir inherited, however, the men who had counselled his nomination did not like the result. Truman was not so much a Bourbon as the South had expected. He was not so liberal as the most liberal of the northern Democrats would have liked. He was not even beloved of the party machines which had sponsored him—for he did not have the one quality that party machines demand of their offspring: the strength to win against any odds.

Good But Not Good Enough

In fact, Truman was not so weak as those who had made him had hoped.

Nevertheless, the Democratic party, on the day of Truman's accession to office, was virtually the same as the party which had swept to power in four successive national elections. There was no reason why it should not do so a fifth time. Almost the full backing of organized labor was behind it. The party bosses who had hoped to find a "demi-god" candidate in General Eisenhower, quickly fell back into line behind Truman—though without much heart—when the General would not stand.

The leadership might not have been so sure or so dynamic as that of a Roosevelt. It was still a good leadership and one far stronger than the political forces which had nominated it bargained for.

However, when Roosevelt was succeeded by Truman, the party components fell apart. Each component

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had thought of Truman as their man. And when they attempted unsuccessfully, each in its own way, to lead the leader, they fell apart.

To the side of Henry Wallace, the man Truman had replaced as vice-presidential nominee under Roosevelt, went the extreme left elements of the Democratic coalition—a motley company masquerading as a Gabriel's host. To him went the youth who like the taste of heady leadership—by far the greatest part of Wallace's Progressive Party. The whole Progressive company which assembled in Philadelphia for the ritual of nominating their leader showed its character in its assorted faces and in its mass behavior. The Democratic and Republican conventions before had been carnivals in which only the performers differed. The Wallace convention was a revival meeting.

Wallace's Bitterness

What had impelled Wallace to break away from the party he had once helped lead is not altogether clear. Certainly one of the reasons was emotional. He was embittered because he had been turned out of the vice-presidency to make way for the less liberal Harry Truman. And when Truman succeeded to the presidency, he could not live in the same administration with him.

Unless the personal reason for his break-away was the transcendent one, his action is difficult to explain. He undoubtedly opposes strongly the United States policy of taking a firm stand against Russian world-expansion in the belief that the policy endangers the tranquillity of his country. He probably feels too, that the Democratic administration led by Truman fails to live up to the Roosevelt tradition of liberalism. But, by forming a third party, he had to be aware of the fact that he would make easier the road to victory for the Republican party, a party infinitely less liberal than the Truman party and one pledged to carry on the same foreign policy.

The Gabriel of the third party was not prepared to accept a lesser evil. It was better to cripple the Democrats and give comfort to the Republicans than to leave intact a party which was not ideal.

Although he probably was not aware of it—not at the beginning, anyway—his formula for a third party was just the formula the Communists of America had been looking for for years. It would provide a sort of ready-made united front against the established parties — parties which the Communists looked upon as two halves of the same old reactionary apple. The bluff, seemingly sincere Henry Wallace, would provide just the front they wanted. They lost no time in mobilizing behind that front. They did not have to organize the new party; they simply moved their old Communist organization into the sketchy party frame-work built by Wallace.

Wallace may not have known at first that the organization which would back him for the presidency in November would be Communist. He has said from the start that he would not spurn their support. But there are some who believe that only now is he becoming aware of the fact that they have effectively moulded the party to the shape they want.

From a Red Typewriter

Those who read the platform devised in Philadelphia in the name of the Progressives, read a carbon copy of the Communists' catalogue of objectives. It denounced the European Recovery Program designed to restore Europe to physical and economic health; it pronounced that the U.S. should do nothing in its conduct of foreign affairs to offend the Soviets. It was apparent that the carbon copy had come from a Communist typewriter.

Already the now bared face of the Communist behind the Wallace platform has scared away some of the honest liberals who at first gave it their backing. For a time, it scared away Rexford Guy Tugwell, the New Dealer brain-truster who worked as Wallace's deputy in the days when he was Secretary of Agriculture. Then Wallace recently had to concoct a statement of double-talk about his Communist support to pacify Tugwell.

It is unlikely that Wallace's party will carry one of the forty-eight states in the autumn elections. It is bound, even with the slight support that it appears likely to receive, to make more probable the defeat of the Democratic party. However, during the past two months' anti-Communist trend, the Wallace vote estimate has been going down. Some Republicans are wondering whether the Wallace-Taylor group will get as many as 1,500,000 votes. Two months ago they believed that the Progressives would drag 5,000,000 away from Truman.

It is more likely that the Dixiecrats—the party of disgruntled southern Democrats banded together to protect states' rights — will carry several of the eleven southern states. Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina and Louisiana have already bolted, contributing to the ruin of the Democratic party for the time being at least. The eleven dissident southern states together carry a total of 148 electoral votes. Already states indicating a willingness to support the Dixiecrat campaign hold 45 electoral votes. Last week the group was commencing its drive in Georgia where there are 12 electoral votes.

Dixiecrats' Platform

This rump party of southern Democrats has nominated Governor J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina as its presidential candidate, a man who is about as liberal as any southern politician, who has denounced lynching as "mob murder which the State of South Carolina will not tolerate," and who opposes the poll tax payment as a prerequisite of the right to vote as it exists in his own state and others in the south. Gov. Fielding L. Wright of Mississippi is the Dixiecrat candidate for Vice-President.

Thurmond's selection illuminates the principal cause behind the southern Democrats' revolt. For while Thurmond is opposed to lynching and to the poll tax system—which effectively disenfranchises negroes and "poor whites"—he is equally opposed to federal legislation designed to abolish both. The "States' Rights" slogan of the Dixiecrats is more than a euphemism. The states in the South are far more jealous of them than are most Canadian provinces of provincial rights. And the very suggestion that the federal government might infringe on the rights of the states to make their own election laws is enough to make the southerner see red.

Truman's civil liberties program, which would have given the franchise to all negroes, would have tightened the laws against lynching and would have enforced equal opportunity for employment to negroes, was incompatible with the southern concept of state rights. If reforms were to be made, they would make them.

The Republicans gave their support to the civil liberties program. Whether that support was sincere or not, the southerner, who will in a crisis vote Republican, could not protest the program by turning to that party. There was no solution other than a fourth party.

It is said of the two main parties that the Democrats always fight among themselves before an election, the Republicans do it after elections. This time it looks as if the Democrats have knocked themselves out.

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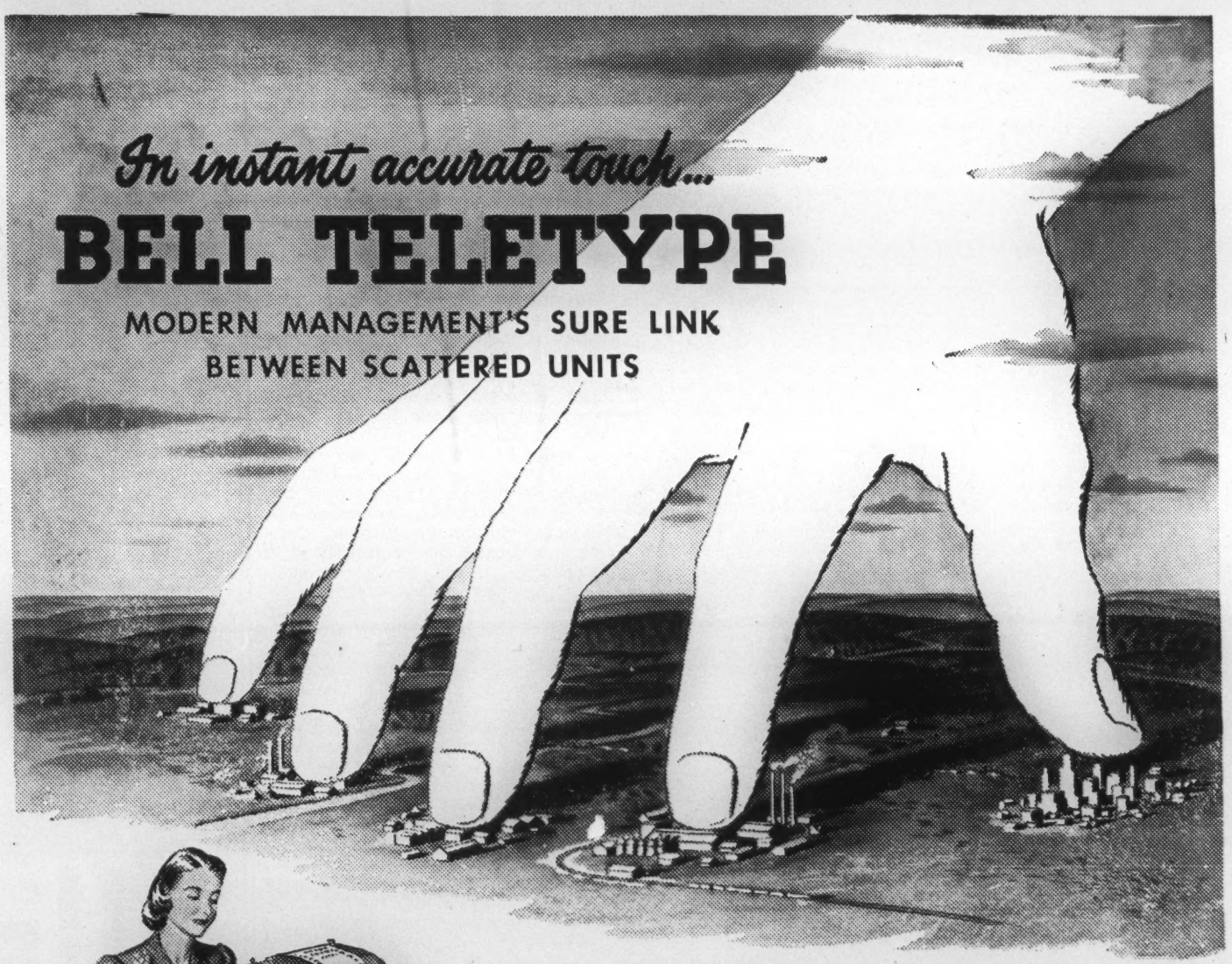

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Republican Campaign Swinging To Congressional Candidates

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THE Republican Party has taken to heart the freely-offered counsel that it was neglecting the Congressional elections through overconfidence that Republican Governor Tom Dewey will defeat Democratic President Truman for the presidency of the United States. Both Dewey and his vice-presidential running mate, Governor Earl Warren of California, revealed in their cross-country itineraries that they will visit states where congressional candidates need help.

For some time now, advisers, official and otherwise, columnists, congressmen, letters-to-the-editor, authors, and private citizens have been warning the G.O.P. campaign planners that they might lose control of the Senate. Obviously, if he is to put into effect his legislative program, Mr. Dewey will need support of both Houses of Congress. President Truman's experience since the Republicans took control of Congress demonstrates how legislation can be stultified by this state of affairs. The Chief Executive has been unable to get his program through, and he, on the other hand, has used his veto powers generously on G.O.P.-sponsored bills.

This situation existed in the latter years of the Roosevelt Administration, when Democrats held the Senate and House, but the Southern Democrats teamed up with Republicans to block F.D.R.

It is a condition that could not exist in Canada or Great Britain where loss of Parliament would mean the resignation of the party leader. The fact is that the United States has not been governed in some time by party government, but through a coalition of Republicans and Democrats, joined by necessity through this quirk in the American governmental structure.

Although Messrs. Dewey and Warren have indicated by their campaign routings that they have not forgotten the G.O.P. rank-and-filers who are either fighting to retain Senate or House seats or to oust Democratic incumbents, it is predicted in most quarters that Dewey should come through with safe working majorities on both sides of Congress.

Republican Campaign Director Herbert Brownell revealed that Dewey had decided to play the small towns as well as the big ones on his present trip for two reasons: (1) to help out Republicans candidates for the House and the Senate; and (2) to keep party workers all down the line from relaxing their efforts because of current signs of party victory.

Dewey's campaign plans have been compared with the whirlwind around-the-country tour of the late Wendell Willkie in 1940. Unlike Willkie, who was a political novice, Governor Dewey is an experienced campaigner, backed up by a skilled group of advisers. He has planned his campaign with the care and precision of a military leader. When the Dewey special train left Albany last weekend for Des Moines, Iowa, it was proposed that by September 27 the Republican candidate will have visited Denver, Albuquerque, Phoenix, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle and numerous small stops en route. Frequently ,the Dewey train crosses President Truman's tracks. The President is on his second "grand circle" tour of the Pacific coast, and he will cover 19 states, representing some 251 electoral votes, in 16 days. Many rear-platform and way-station stops are on his schedule too.

Tastes of Victory

The Republicans have double-barrelled campaigning with Governor Earl Warren's 14-car train on its way eastward from the Pacific Coast. Its full month of travel will carry the Warren caravan into New England and major speeches are scheduled in New Mexico and Colorado where the G.O.P. hopes to take Senate seats from the Democrats.

Republicans had their first taste of campaign victory in Maine, where Margaret Chase Smith was elected to the Senate by an overwhelming 72 per cent of the total vote. The old saying, "As Maine goes, so goes the Nation," does not always hold good. It was in the Republican list during the Roosevelt days. Significant for the G.O.P. cause is the fact that Maine brought out a heavy vote and still went Republican. The Democratic campaign is based on the assumption that if there is a large vote Mr. Truman might win.

The Republicans are concerned with the border states, where they can count on support only when there is a landslide. In this category are Oklahoma, Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland.

Republican strategists have been definitely concerned by a survey conducted by the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. This showed that a Democratic victory in the Senate is entirely possible. A change in only four seats would throw the Senate back to Democratic control and at least six G.O.P. seats are not safe.

With Senator Barkley of Kentucky as his running mate, Mr. Truman can hope for victory in that State, even though the Southern States Rights ticket and the Wallace Third Party are both on the ballot. Kentucky is normally a Democratic State and Senator Barkley is extremely popular and the Truman forces may be able to overcome handicaps imposed by the two new parties.

The "Waltz" State?

The President is given the edge by public opinion polls in his home state of Missouri, but the electors there are independent. There has been a Republican trend, and the Southern Democrats in the State can be expected to give Mr. Truman opposition.

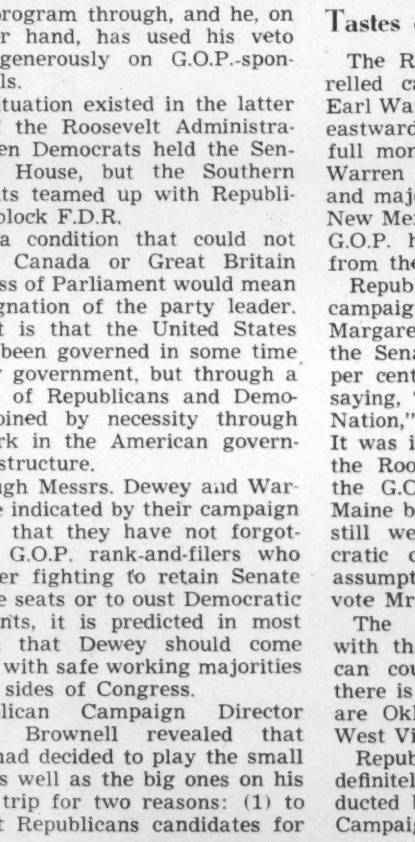
Oklahoma is another area that the parties are trying hard to capture senatorially. Representative Rogs Rizley is opposing popular Governor Kerr for the Senate seat. There has been a Republican shift in Maryland where Democratic Governor Lane is backing Mr. Truman. Former Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson is making the Democratic Party's bid to keep the place vacated by Senator Hatch in New Mexico, where the Republican candidate is Major Gen. Patrick J. Hurley. Dewey forces look to Montana, Rhode Island and Tennessee as vulnerable Democratic strongholds and are concentrating efforts to bring these into their camp.

Mr. Dewey, meantime, has only to capture two of the borderline states to be sure of holding the Senate. The House seems to be safely in the Republican ledger. If he wins the congressional and presidential elections, Mr. Dewey will be able to reverse a legislative trend that has been under way for many years in the U.S., in which Congress itself has become what Tom Stokes describes as "a sort of separate entity, a conglomerate third candidate on its own, apart from candidates for President and Vice President."

Congress itself, through the opposition of Presidents Truman and Roosevelt to Congressional blocs which disrupted their legislative programs, has become a different institution. Congress emerged as definitely the dominant branch of government when the war ended, relegating to second place the Executive, which had so been in control under the skillful manoeuvring of F.D.R. After the 1938 election, President Roosevelt was constantly blocked by Congress in what were called New Deal measures. The Republican-Southern Democratic coalition created a majority, which has continued into the Truman administration.

As a skilled and determined legislator who has demonstrated in New York state that he knows how to govern successfully, Mr. Dewey will not want to take the highest office in the land without being able to put an adequate Dewey program into effect. Even with control of both houses, Mr. Dewey will have a job on his hands to work with existing blocs in Congress. He will have to form coalitions with these groups. In his own party there is the conservative and ultra-nationalist group from the Middle West, which he was able to defeat at the convention. It will have to be won over if there is to be legislation on public housing, education, health and other domestic matters.

As a footnote to current presidential trends, it is interesting to note that Dean Alfange, whose Liberal Party, now headed by Adolf Berle, has already backed the Truman-Barkley ticket, has described the Wallace movement as a "fifth column rather than a third party."



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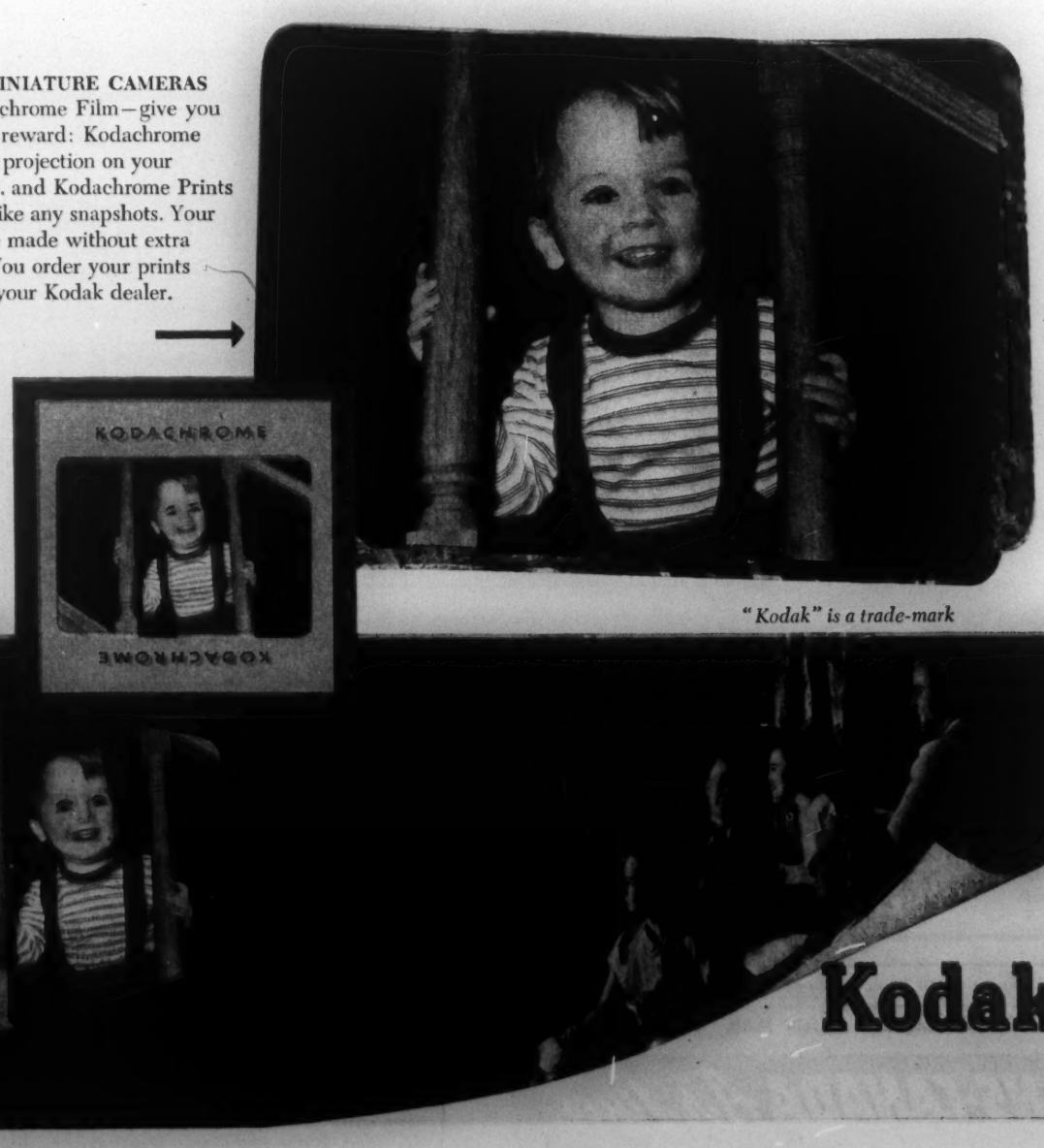

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LIGHTER SIDE

The Late Mr. Natwick

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"BUT you didn't know Mrs. Natwick's husband," Mr. Amos said. "Why do you want to go to his funeral?"

"I know Mrs. Natwick," Mrs. Amos said, "and I feel I ought to do something at least. Anyway we aren't going to the funeral. We'll just go to the funeral home and sign our names in the guest book."

"The *guest* book!" Mr. Amos said.

"Well, they probably call them the mortuary register, or something like that," Mrs. Amos said. "They have them at all the funeral homes."

Tinka, who was coming up on her bicycle, called from fifty yards, "Where are you going? Can I come?"

"We're going to a funeral," Mrs. Amos said, "and I'm afraid you can't come."

"Why can't I come?" Tinka demanded. "I've never seen a dead person and everybody in our block has seen a dead person, only me."

"Not this time," Mrs. Amos said, rolling up the window.

"Gee, you're mean!" Tinka cried.

"Well, it's no treat for anybody," Mr. Amos said as he backed the car. "Just where is the late Mr. Natwick supposed to be?"

"At the Blake and Finleyson funeral home," Mrs. Amos said, " 'resting' is the usual expression."

They drove for a few blocks in silence. "After all, paying some sort of respect is the least one can do," Mrs. Amos said presently. "I feel terribly sorry for Mrs. Natwick."

"I don't see how signing our names in a funeral guest book is going to be much comfort to her," Mr. Amos said.

"I know," said Mrs. Amos, "but at a time like this the least one can do is just about the most one can do."

Mr. Amos struggled with this paradox for a moment, then gave it up "O.K.," he said, "I'll sign."

THE reception room of Blake and Finleyson's funeral home was filled with fall sunshine which streamed through the crisp net curtains and even penetrated the thick sand-colored drapes. The drapes were banded and corded with maroon and there was a maroon carpet on the floor. A flourishing sword-fern stood in a glossy mahogany cage beside the electric fireplace. It looked like anybody's well-kept living-room — though not, Mrs. Amos reflected, like the living-room of anyone she would be interested in knowing.

"Where do we sign?" Mr. Amos said in a hoarse whisper.

"Probably in the chapel," Mrs. Amos said and tiptoed across the hall. The chapel, she noted, was almost as secular in tone as the living-room. It was austere but cheerful and it seemed specially designed to ignore both the presence of death and the hope of resurrection. She found the guest book on a desk beside the door and beckoned to Mr. Amos. When they had both signed and Mrs. Amos had added "With Sincerest Sympathy," she glanced about the chapel. There were a few mourners in the front seats and after a moment's hesitation she tiptoed up to the open coffin for her first and final look at Mr. Natwick.

Mr. Amos followed her and they stood looking down at the deceased. Mrs. Amos felt a faint shock of surprise. From Mrs. Natwick's occasional affectionate references to her husband, she had always imagined him as a large, genial, smiling man. But this Mr. Natwick, lying amid shirred white satin and banked by roses and lily of the valley, looked small and gray and, in spite of the mortician's careful art, rather cross. In a moment someone joined them and Mrs. Amos, glancing up, saw that it was Mrs. Natwick.

Mrs. Natwick looked pale and exhausted in her black but her face was wonderfully composed. For Mrs. Amos who had last seen her, jolly and active, on the badminton court, it was one of those moments for which one is eternally unprepared. It was impossible to murmur even one of the dreadful commonplaces suitable for such an occasion. Certainly Mr. Natwick didn't look peaceful. He looked oddly indignant, as though he had been inopportunely interrupted by death in the midst of some pressing earthly business.

"You knew him?" Mrs. Natwick asked softly.

Mrs. Amos murmured something in reply but Mrs. Natwick paid no attention. She was looking downward at the coffin and her face seemed thoughtful rather than noticeably stirred.

"He was always a little —peculiar," she said, "but when you knew him he had some wonderfully fine qualities."

Before this superhuman detachment Mrs. Amos found she had nothing to say. It was a great relief when Mrs. Natwick turned and disappeared through the doorway at the end of the chapel.

A MOMENT later Mr. and Mrs. Amos followed her. As they passed down the corridor they caught a glimpse of Mrs. Natwick in an adjoining room. She was standing with her back to the door, and even the line of her shoulders looked shaken and grief-stricken. Completely bewildered Mrs. Amos passed into the autumn sunshine.

"Funeral homes!" Mr. Amos said as he started the car. "Will you do me a favor and when I die just bury me quietly in the back yard without any fuss or expense."

"We'll see dear," Mrs. Amos said in the vague postponing voice she sometimes used with the children. She wasn't listening to Mr. Amos. She was still thinking of Mrs. Natwick. It must have been the peculiar atmosphere of the funeral home—practical, accommodating, disclaiming bereavement and grief—that had made her behave so oddly at Mr. Natwick's bier. "It might have been anybody else's husband but her own," she said.

"Maybe it was somebody else's husband!" Mrs. Amos repeated, and a moment later she cried, "Good heavens, that's what it was."

"What what was?" Mr. Amos asked.

"It *was* somebody else's husband," Mrs. Amos said. "It wasn't Mr. Natwick at all!"

Mr. Amos stopped abruptly at a red light. "Then where was Mr. Natwick?" he asked.

"Why in the room off the corridor," Mrs. Amos said, "waiting his turn in the chapel. Resting."

"Look, will you light me a cigarette?" Mr. Amos said.

She lit the cigarette and handed it to him. "And we signed the wrong guest book!" she said shakily. "We didn't sign for Mr. Natwick's funeral at all."

Mr. Amos drew deeply on his cigarette. "Well, too late to think about that now," he said.

CONVERSATION PIECE

WHENEVER I'm with you, my dear,
I talk about myself, it's true;
But when I'm with others, never fear—
I'll talk about you!

MAY RICHSTONE

• •

OPERA SCHOOL

MOZART'S "The Marriage of Figaro," in English, will be the first new production of the Opera School of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto this season. Nicholas Goldschmidt, musical director, will conduct the performances, and Herman Geiger-Torel, formerly of Rio, will be in charge of staging. The Opera School's fall schedule also includes out-of-town engagements of last year's "Hansel and Gretel" and a program series of operatic excerpts. On Oct. 20 it will cooperate with the newly established C.B.C. Opera Company in a series of four broadcasts.

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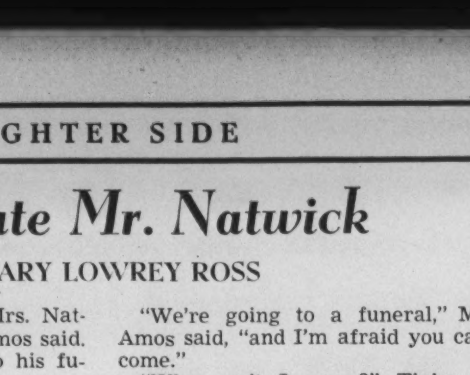

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It is this loyalty we appreciate and value above all else, as neighbourly approval of the Laura Secord Ideal which was born thirty-five years ago, to blossom throughout the succeeding years . . . and which today we pledge ourselves to maintain in the highest degree.

Sincerely,

President.

Laura Secord
CANDY SHOPS

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Northern "Spy" In Dixie Missed Some Fine Points Of Friendship

AFTER looking over SATURDAY NIGHT and its well written articles and editorial, as a newspaper man I felt that it was an outstanding publication. However, I find the article by Alan Gray (S.N., Sept. 11) about Ray Sprigle's sojourn in Dixieland where I live, is all untrue. In the first place a northern white man could never disguise himself as a Negro and pose as one among real Negroes. They would know him in an instant and feel that he was a spy on them of some kind. . . . If he had gone out on a plantation, the owner or manager would have picked him up. We know every strange Negro as soon as he puts foot on our places . . .

The statement Sprigle made about Negroes not having anything to say about taxation and government themselves (in Mound Bayou, Miss.) is untrue again. They have their own mayor and own board of aldermen to run their nice little town . . . The state is now going to erect a $5 million hospital as an adjunct to their own hospital. There are a dozen hospitals operated by the State that any Negro upon the recommendation of any doctor may enter.

Every one of Sprigle's assertions is untrue, some totally and some just mostly. The truth of the matter is that the southern whites and southern Negroes get along very well and understand each other very well and don't need any "spy" coming down from the North to correct any situation. The friendship between the whites and Negroes of the South cannot be understood by anyone who does not live there. Today through the South there is still the friendship that endures and we don't want it interfered with by a lot of spies coming down into our communities and writing untruths about us that will mislead our friends in Canada. For as I look over Canadians and their wholesome and friendly ways, I realize that they are more like us in the South than are the Yankees of the northern states and we want that friendly feeling to exist for ever.

TOM L. GIBSON
Friars Point, Mississippi.

National Sense

I FEEL that Mr. Massey, when he talks of a "stronger national sense" being desirable in Canada (S.N., Aug. 28), is denoting as a "national sense" that which I have chosen to designate in the words of my letter (Sept. 11) as a "narrow and rigid provincial nationalism". Frankly, I do not believe that we have in Canada at present any real national sense, based upon a truly federal or Dominion Canadian citizenship, and, thus, I take strong issue with Mr. Massey from the very onset of his argument. Once again, if my views should seem too strong, I would urge you to consider my original talking points and also the evidence in Wilfrid Eggleston's article "A Job for Mr. St. Laurent" (S.N., Sept. 11).

Montreal, Que. A. F. HOLMES

Holiday Acrostics

AS HOLIDAY readers, we wish to express a special word of praise for your crossword puzzles. Puzzling has become a regular cottage diversion. We rush to town for the latest number hot off the press, though we know that the home copy will soon reach us. This, of course, is good for sales. From the point of view of culture, we aren't so sure. By the time we've solved your puzzle and tried our hand at one of our own, there is no time left for the articles.

As the Crerars so succinctly remark:

Clout a gnat, no sir:
and may we add
Alfie is not cited without little Edward.

Gravenhurst, Ont. MARGARET FRASER

Labor and Technocracy

THE heading on the letter on Labor and Technocracy ("Blaming Labor's Reduced Hours Ignores Gains of Technocracy", S.N., Aug. 21) was hardly fair to the previous article (S.N., Aug. 7). Your correspondent related one case in which labor had turned out more as a consequence of technological improvements. The article particularly mentioned that the fall-off in production had occurred notwithstanding the many improvements that have made made. Most of these must have been technological. Technologists are given to talking through their hats but what Mr. Ralph Presgrave is quoted as having told the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers Association was silly.

Bonnington Falls, B.C. TURNER LEE

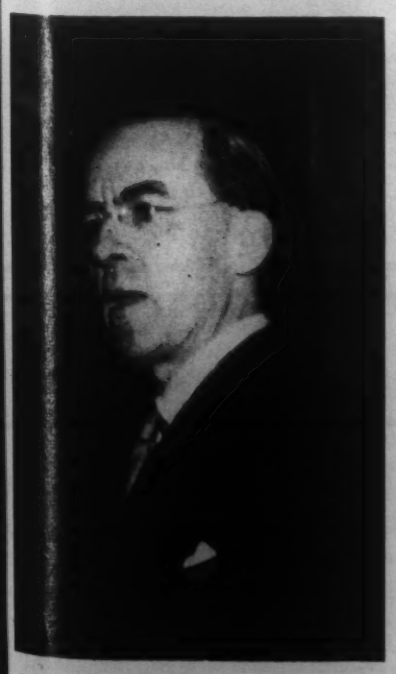
Recognition of Israel

I AM glad that the former Attorney-General of Ontario, Senator Arthur W. Roebuck, K.C., speaking with his characteristic courage and conviction demanded that our country recognize Israel as a sovereign state. The Jews have been patient and long suffering. They have demonstrated that they know how to fight and die. They have met the Arab hordes and proved themselves better soldiers, even where their opponents were led by British trained officers.

Since Canada is a sovereign Dominion which concludes its own treaties, there is no valid reason why it cannot follow the example of other states that have given this sorely tried little country the recognition that will encourage its people to go ahead and establish a state upon democratic principles.

As the Senator pointed out, "Canada was one of the thirty-three nations voting for partition." Hence the state of Israel can properly request that it get the recognition to which it is entitled.

Montreal, Que. MAX A. PIERCE



Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who arrived at Montreal by air this week for talks with the Canadian government on Anglo-Canadian financial relations.

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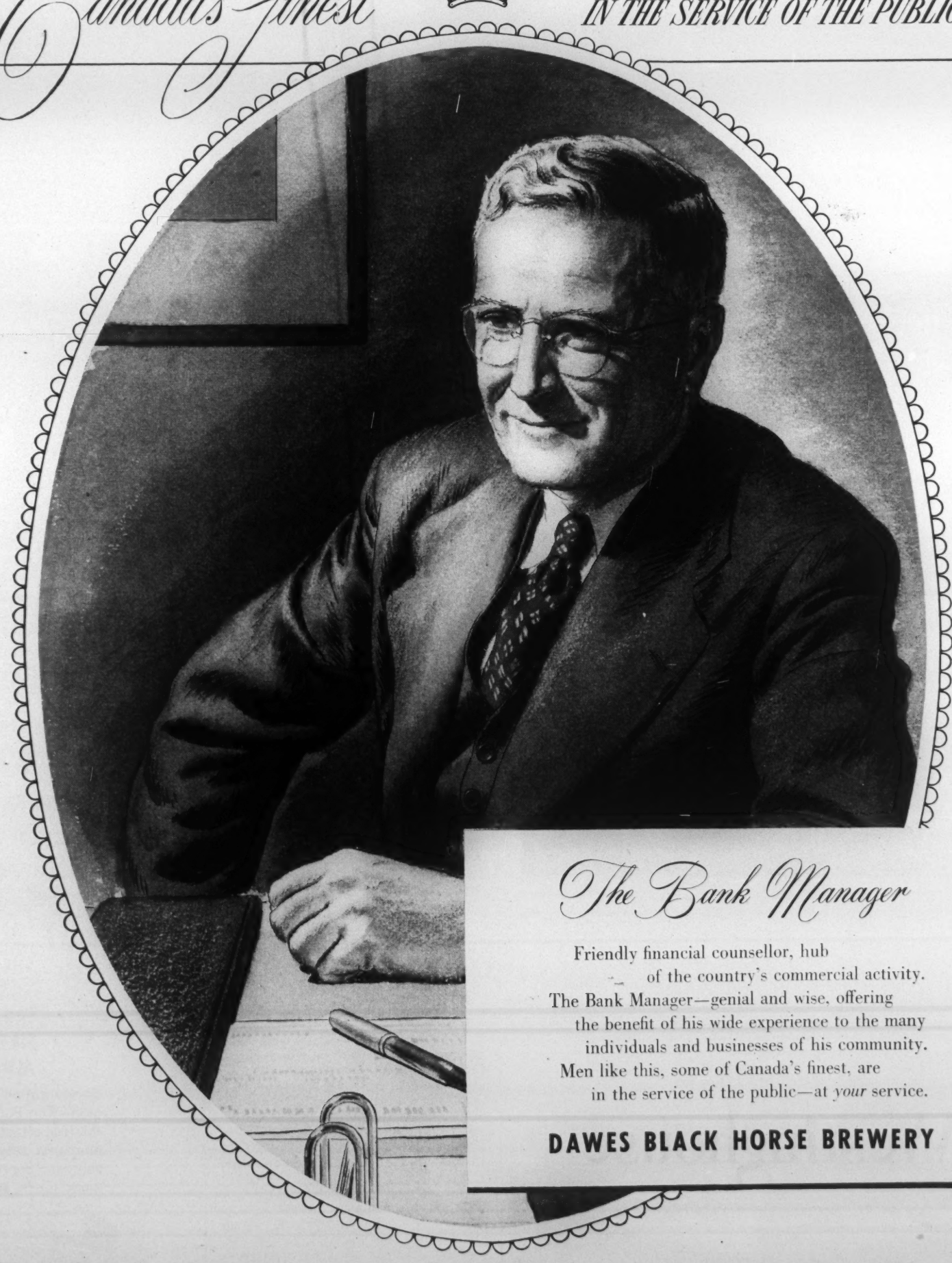

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MELTING POT

What's Par For Sneezers?

By J. N. HARRIS

Montreal.

A COOLNESS approaching absolute zero existed last Monday between my colleagues Hotchkiss and Sedgwick, whose life consists of golf in the summer, and waiting for the cow-pasture pool season to open all winter.

The coolness is said to have arisen as a result of the office golf tournament, an affair modelled after the Olympic Games in that it breeds sufficient illwill during its brief existence to last until the next time.

Hotchkiss and Sedgwick were co-favorites to take the low gross prize. The price on them was so bad that I had a flutter on a fellow called Peterson who was offered at five to three by the chap who makes up all the pools and acts as an amateur turf accountant.

As usual, they went round together, and, as I heard it, the trouble started at the second hole. Hotchkiss had to make an eight-inch putt, but he took a sneezing fit just as he was lining it up, and after several minutes of convulsion, succeeded in missing it. For the rest of the first eighteen these sneezing fits seemed to attack poor Hotchkiss on every green, and he did well to stay in the running at all.

"I'm frightfully sorry, it's my hay fever," he explained.

"Oh, don't worry about it. We don't mind," Sedgwick re-assured him in a suspiciously casual way.

While their lunch was being poured, Hotchkiss complained that never in his life had he been so stricken with hay fever, and that it was positively weird that it should attack him only when he was putting. Sedgwick tut-tutted in what he hoped was a sympathetic manner, but his eyes were on the far horizon.

HOTCHKISS regarded him slowly and carefully, but Sedgwick was still far away—and then he made his great mistake: he pulled out his handkerchief. Hotchkiss waited until everybody had left the lunch dispensary, and then made a careful examination of the carpet by the chair that Sedgwick had occupied.

During the afternoon round, it was Sedgwick who missed all the putts. It seemed that Hotchkiss was always just behind him, or just in the corner of his eye, when he was putting, and was always either sneezing or about to sneeze. It put him off badly.

On the other hand, Hotchkiss had become so used to putting during a sneezing spell that he was beginning to sink the long ones again. The upshot of it all was that they drew for fourth place in the low gross, and Peterson walked away with the prize, a handsome shaving kit just like the one he was presented with when he was transferred from another department.

The scandal came out that evening when Hotchkiss and Sedgwick were partners at bridge in the clubhouse. Hotchkiss made no response to a conventional four no trump bid, and Sedgwick rebuked him publicly.

"I do not care," Hotchkiss replied, "to respond to a four no trump bid made by a man who, knowing that his opponent suffered from hay fever, would stuff his pockets with ragweed and then stand close to that opponent on the greens."

Attempts have been made to hush the whole thing up, but somehow it leaked out, and there was an air of tension about the whole office on Monday until Hotchkiss and Sedgwick left to catch the five twenty.

•

NOT long ago I was standing in the line-up for a bus at a quarter to eight in the morning, and wondering idly why people will stand in an orderly line-up for the bus but will always race every-man-for-himself for a streetcar, when I saw Clitheroe.

I work in the same building as Clitheroe, and, although we are not well acquainted, I find him a pleasant and amiable sort of chap. Yet, as he approached the queue, I lifted up my morning paper and covered my face until he had passed me and gone to the end of the line. I concentrated like fury on a story about something in Latin America, and only lowered the paper when the line started to move.

As I got on at the end of the line, I always get a seat next the window, and I take the identical seat each morning. On this particular day I turned and looked out of the window, and stared in horrid fascination at a nauseously cheerful Fresh-Up Family on a billboard. When I saw Clitheroe coming down the aisle my eyes became glazed and my face petrified. Please, please, don't sit down here, I thought.

Out of the corner of my eye I watched him approach, and I was amazed to see that his eye was glazed, and his face was petrified, and he was making a pitiful attempt to concentrate on a card which showed Pepsi and Pete, two comic policemen, helping a little boy win a soap-box derby.

"Well, the stuck-up, ornery, toffee-nosed creep," I thought. "Walks right by and pretends he doesn't notice me. There now, he's sitting down and pretending to stare out the window. The plain fact is that he's deliberately avoiding me."

I felt highly aggrieved, and cheerfully nursed my resentment all the way to McGill University, where I get out. I thought it showed up pretty plainly what sort of person a man is, if he won't even say good morning to people he knows.

When I went to see the fellow in his office at eleven, however, he greeted me effusively, pumped my hand, and was altogether friendly. So was I.

THAT started me thinking, and in the ensuing days I made a study of morning bus habits of the Canadian male, which may be published next year by the Utah State University Press. My tests proved clearly that all the male passengers, without exception, were staring out of windows or avidly reading car cards to avoid speaking to friends.

There were women, too, of course, and some of them talked and chattered the whole way down, but that doesn't count.

The important thing is that there seems to be an unwritten law among men that no-one shall make small talk on the Stygian crossing from home to office. It is as if there is a convention that other people don't exist, but the fear still lurks that somebody will disregard the convention and be hearty on top of a hasty breakfast.

While the problem is acute in the bus, it becomes a major crisis after you get off. It is nine blocks, by actual count, from the bus stop to the office. I, and no doubt many others, undertake this walk each day because of my ingrained hatred of streetcars, which would drop me right at the door.

The thought of having to make conversation during that walks fills me with loathing and dread, and I have to scheme and plot to avoid any friends or acquaintances who are getting off the bus at the same time. There are precisely fifty routes of equal length that can be followed from the bus stop to my office, and I have worked out the least likely one, which I follow religiously each morning, thus avoiding any possible conversation. It appears that the others do likewise.

This all appears to be a sign of increasing civilization, and I'm all for it. Now all that is needed is for Mrs. Emily Post to work out a precise etiquette for the situation: some sort of conventional salute or wave of the hand that means, "I think you're a fine chap and I'm not at all stuck up but it's too early in the morning for conversation so will you please just ignore me and I'll do the same for you with no prejudice or hard feelings."

Which would be, when same is invented, a truly eloquent gesture.

A small film company at Elstree, Herts., under the chairmanship of J. Arthur Rank, is producing the Old Testament story of "Ruth". It will be shown in educational establishments throughout the world.

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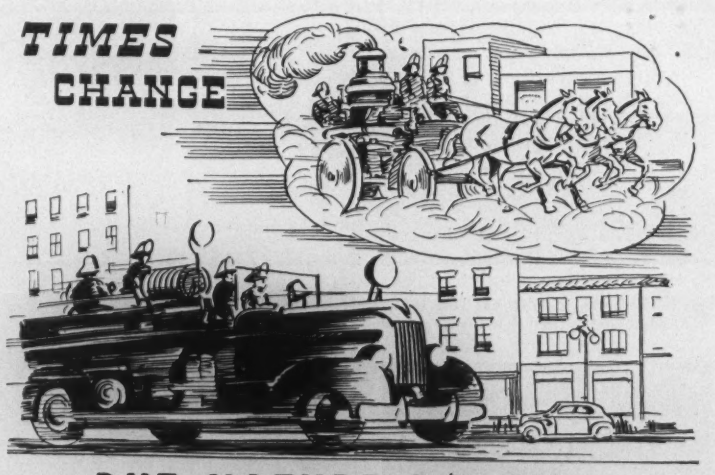

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PJ-48

LONDON LETTER

Holiday Poll Disproves Alleged British Passion For Privacy

By P.O'D.

London.

MASS observation is one of the scientific fads of the day—though just how scientific, I have sometimes wondered. Possibly all those heaps of statistics that are so laboriously piled up reveal important social tendencies, but generally they seem to tell us only the things we already know, and tell them in extremely wearisome detail. To get the full enjoyment out of them one must have the sort of mind that likes figures for their own sake. But sometimes the conclusions the reports arrive at are not without at least a timely interest.

Recently the British Tourist Holiday Board conducted an investigation, for the second year in succession, into the holiday habits of the British people—the habit of taking holidays, that is, and not so much what they do while on them. A really detailed examination of this latter aspect of the holiday problem might have been full of psychological interest. But there are kinds of information which only the professional psychiatrist or the father-confessor can really expect to be given, and the B.T.H.B. has confined its enquiries to large, safe generalities.

From the report, which has just been published, we learn that only 50 per cent of the British people take holidays, in the sense of packing up and going away from home. Of the remaining half — and "remaining" seems to be the right word—nine per cent take day trips, and 41 per cent stay right where they are. The average length of holiday from home is 11 days, which is usually a full week with a couple of days added at either end; and the average cost is a little over £12 for one, about £20 for two, and for a family of four about £30. Any more questions?

We are, by the way, always being told how reserved the English people naturally are, and how anxious to "keep themselves to themselves". Well, that certainly doesn't seem to apply to their holiday habits. Some four per cent of them go to so-called "holiday camps", where the privacy of a goldfish is shrouded and exclusive compared to that of the average guest. The rest pack tight the seaside and country resorts.

Even the fortunate possessors of trailer-caravans, who might park themselves almost where they pleased, nearly always take them to caravan-sites, where the caravans stand in rows side by side, with hardly space to walk between the wheels. And there they stay! It begins to look as if the famous British passion for privacy is somewhat exaggerated. Who started the story, anyway?

To Do As One Pleases

However strongly one may cling to old-fashioned notions of a man's right to do as he pleases with his own, so long as he doesn't clearly injure other people's rights, there certainly are occasions for sympathy with the modern tendency of the State to interfere and restrain. It is a question of how much and where and when, and possibly the perfect balance will never be struck, but that some interference is sometimes necessary no one now denies. And the community is every day becoming more insistent on its claims.

Down in Surrey, for instance, near the lovely old town of Farnham, there is a handsome manor house by the river Wey. The house was rather badly damaged during the war—no, not by enemy action. It is "one of the ruins the soldiers knocked about a bit", to paraphrase Marie Lloyd's old song. Structurally it is still sound and might be restored to its original condition, but the owner has asked for a demolition order, so that he may pull it down and build a modern and more convenient house in its place.

A reasonable request, on the face of it. But this old mansion was for 15 years the home of Sir William Temple, statesman and author, and of his wife, the delightful Dorothy Osborne of the famous letters. More important still, Sir William employed a rather rough, passionate young Irishman as secretary, whose name was Jonathan Swift. It was there that Swift wrote "The Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books". It was there that he met Esther Johnson, whom he was to immortalize in his "Journal to Stella".

Rather fanciful reasons these would once have seemed for forbidding an owner to pull down a house he finds inconvenient and rebuild it nearer to his heart's desire. But the application for permission to pull this one down has aroused such a storm of protest that it seems very unlikely the owner will get his demolition order. Once upon a time he would have pulled it down without asking anyone's permission. But times have changed. In this respect, at least, one can rejoice that they have.

Wild White Cattle

In this country of strange survivals one of the oddest surely is the little herd of wild white cattle at Chillingham, in Northumberland. It is the only herd of the kind in the country, and is known to have been at this ancient home of the Tankerville family for over 700 years. They are said to be descendants of the original cattle of prehistoric Britain. And "wild" is no mere courtesy title. They are wild enough, by all accounts—the bulls, at any rate.

In old days they were so numerous that they used to be hunted and shot like stags. Edward VII shot a "king bull" in 1872, but it is more than 40 years since the last was killed this way. The herd has gradually dwindled—too much in-bred, I suppose—and the hard winter of 1947 nearly wiped it out.

There were left only eight cows and five bulls. Rather a handsome allowance of husbands, by the usual bovine standards, but there was reason to doubt the fertility of the males. Now happily these doubts have been set at rest. A calf has just been born, and all Northumberland is rejoicing. It is like the arrival of an heir to an ancient and famous family threatened with extinction.

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THE WORLD TODAY

With Bernadotte Assassination Israeli Reach A Crossroads

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE assassination of Count Bernadotte has thrown a harsh light on the situation in Israel and the decline in U.N. prestige. The Jewish extremists, tolerated by the Zionist leaders as long as they seemed to be, as they styled themselves, "Fighters for the Freedom of Israel", have now become, as could be foreseen, the greatest threat to freedom in Israel.

Fanatic and pledged to violence, organized in secret military units, they appear to be an essentially fascist group. Long accustomed to flouting the authority of their Zionist leadership, they now flout the authority of the government of their state and severely compromise its legal basis on the U.N. partition plan.

It was they who fought a private war to seize the port of Jaffa, allotted by the U.N. to the Arabs; they who tried to run in a large munitions cargo during the truce set by the U.N.; they who have mainly fought the battle to add Jerusalem to the Jewish state, though the U.N. plan and all the plans which have gone before have always held that Jerusalem must be under international control.

Now they have assassinated the U.N. mediator. Can it be doubted that they are also prepared to assassinate members of their own government, if this government refuses to back their plans for widely extending the frontiers of Israel?

Already they have forced the Israeli government to abandon the basis which it gave for its existence in its initial proclamation of May 15: the U.N. resolution on Palestine; and repudiate the assurance given by its representative to the Security Council three days later that it exercised its authority only in those areas allotted to the Jews by the Assembly's partition resolution.

The Foreign Minister, Moshe Shertok, in an important policy speech before the Provisional Council on July 29 demanded a reconsideration of the country's boundaries as set by the U.N. plan. "These are no longer practical, and we must insist on changing them by adding territories", as Jewish victories justify. "In the course of resisting new breaches of the truce, we shall not refrain from conquering new ground."

The most obvious additions are to be Jaffa and Eastern Galilee, occupied by Israeli forces since the beginning of the war. The most important is to be Jerusalem and the Arab area at present separating it from Tel-Aviv. The government, Shertok said, "plans immediate steps to put the Holy City under Israeli sovereignty." It will refuse to withdraw its arms and troops and demilitarize the city under the Security Council's truce order.

Right Based on Conquest?

This step, while undoubtedly taken under the pressure of the extremists' demands and the widespread Israeli public support for them, may also have been aimed at asserting government control of the extremists in Jerusalem. The Irgun and the Stern Gang dominated the situation in the Holy City and claimed that here they were "on their own", while within the borders of Israel they would recognize the authority of the government.

But the claim for Jerusalem, coming on top of the insistence on holding all Arab-allotted cities and territories conquered during the fighting, and the seizure of the British refineries in Haifa, underlines the tendency now evident to base the state of Israel on conquest rather than on U.N. award or mediation.

This would seem to confirm the warning which the Arab delegates gave over and over again during the U.N. discussions last year, that the Zionists would only regard whatever territory was allotted to them as a bridgehead, and were saying so in their own pamphlets.

There is nothing new about a state basing itself on the "right" of conquest. But it should be clear that this is a very different right from that of a U.N. award, and that this represents an important transition in the Palestine situation and in Arab-Jewish relations.

This state of transition is not yet complete, however. While many dispatches from Tel-Aviv describe the "cocky" spirit engendered there by the Jewish victories—especially in the second bout of fighting in July—and report the general conviction of the people that a continued truce is unfavorable to them while renewed warfare might bring them a decisive victory within a month, they also stress that many Jews feel that they cannot afford to go on record before the U.N. and the world as breakers of the truce and hence aggressors.

There the situation stands, on a delicate edge, as the U.N. Assembly meets again to take up the Palestine question, and as the state of Israel faces its first general election, which will determine the strength of moderate or extremist backing for the government.

The U.N. is to take up, particularly, the question of demilitarizing Jerusalem and placing it under a U.N. guard; but the Zionists say that they will not give up Zion itself. The U.N. will deal with the plight of the 300,000 Arab refugees from Israeli territory. These are now distributed, 80,000 in Arab Palestine, 80,000 in Transjordan, 80,000 in Syria, 50,000 in the Lebanon and 10,000 in Egypt, and most of them are in desperate circumstances.

Look to New Victories

But the Israeli government feeling, as one writer has put it, that this is a trump card dealt them by the Arabs, who urged these people to flee, refuse to discuss the return of the refugees until the Arab governments recognize the state of Israel and give a guarantee of the status of Jews in Arab countries. These latter, whose fate must be seriously affected by the policies of the Israeli government, number over a quarter of a million in the Arab states and 450,000 in North Africa.

The U.N. will discuss anew a settlement for Palestine, and in the course of this will take up the latest suggestions of Bernadotte, which arrived in Paris at the same time as the news of his death. While it is discussing these it will insist on a prolongation of the truce. But the Israeli seem less and less willing to agree to this.

They are insistent that the truce works against them, that the Arab armies are using it to amass heavier forces, and that the maintenance of no less than 12 per cent of the entire population under arms is ruining the economy of Israel.

On the other hand, Israeli confidence that a resumption of hostilities would bring them decisive victory within a month and allow them to put an end to the present intolerable situation, provides a strong temptation to give the little help that is necessary to blow up the truce.

It is possible that the tension between Arab and Jew in Palestine which had been mounting rapidly in the days before Bernadotte's death, will prove too great to be contained

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now that his restraining hand has been removed, and will break out in renewed warfare. Yet it is hard to believe that, whatever popular sentiment may be, the Israeli government leaders will consciously choose such a course.

They had pinned great hopes on the coming session of the United Nations of winning recognition of Israel from more U.N. members, of gaining admission to the U.N., and of securing as a result of these, the formal recognition of the United States and a sizable development loan. All of these hopes have been damaged by the assassination of the U.N. mediator.

Action Against Stern Gang

The prompt and vigorous action to round up the Sternists in Jerusalem shows a desire to repair some of the damage, and perhaps even a determination to settle for once and all the threat of the extremists to the state of Israel itself. It would be unjust not to suggest, too, that the government and most of the people of Israel abominate this outrage as much as the outside world does, even though they resented Bernadotte's suggestion that Jerusalem should be allotted to the Arabs, because it lies squarely in the middle of the Arab area of Palestine.

Nevertheless this operation holds considerable danger for the government. If it concentrates only on eliminating the Stern Gang, it leaves the much larger Irgun intact to embarrass it; and an Irgun possibly strengthened and radicalized further by the adherence of those members of the Stern Gang who escape detention. If the government embraces the Irgun in the purge it risks civil strife which would leave it weakened before the Arabs and might encourage the latter to attack.

There is evidence that a considerable part of the Jewish populace, and particularly the young people, supports the aims of the Irgun. The notorious leader of the latter, Menahem Beigin, has lately come out in the open to make public speeches, as part of the election campaign. He is said to be an effective and dramatic speaker, and his fierce denunciations of Prime Minister Ben Gurion have been drawing large crowds.

The aims of the Irgun, which stemmed from the Revisionist Party —estimated to have the backing of about 20 per cent of the Israeli voters —have never been kept secret. Beigin declared them openly to the chief European correspondent of the New York *Times*, C. L. Sulzberger, in an interview several weeks ago. The Irgun, he said, does not recognize the partition of Palestine as binding, but insists that the Jewish state must include all of Palestine and Transjordan as well.

"Either we go eastward and free the whole of our eternal national inheritance from British occupation under the guise of the barbaric and reactionary rule of Britain's desert puppet Abdullah, or we shall be transformed into something like a ghetto with curtailed human rights, and in the course of time we shall be pushed into the sea." Hence Irgun, "which caused the liquidation of British rule . . . will continue to fight with appropriate methods for the full realization of this Jewish aim." The Irgun, he said, would most certainly try to set up a new government in Israel, though not by *coup d'état*.

One cannot be very optimistic about what the U.N. can or will do about Palestine in the coming session. It either needs very high prestige, so that none of the parties to the dispute would think of defying its judgment, or forces so strong that the parties could not successfully defy it if they would.

That the U.N.'s prestige will not suffice has been shown by the constant violations of the truce by both Arabs and Jews, which its observers have been powerless to prevent, and now by the assassination in broad daylight of its mediator, endowed with all its authority.

But it would be a miracle indeed if the U.N. decided at this late date to provide the necessary strong forces to impose an orderly settlement in Palestine. The Soviets would veto any plan which excluded their troops, and the British and Americans would probably veto any plan which included a Soviet contingent.

One cannot say, however, that the situation in Palestine will go on like that in much of Europe and Asia, neither peace nor war. There will almost surely be more fighting, more Zionist victories, a further stalemate, and then renewed Arab resistance. U.N. impotence to enforce a settlement will encourage the tendency to base the Zionist state on its power of conquest, and it will be an exception to the laws of history if the appetite does not grow with the eating.

The U.N.'s six-piece Palestine was based on the purely theoretical assumption that the Jews and Arabs would not only live side by side in tolerance if not friendship, but would actually form an economic union. If the Israeli are to live in enmity with their neighbors, their boundaries are preposterous and indefensible, and will probably be straightened and broadened by warfare.

That might be the end of one story but it would be the beginning of a new one. There would be a reaction of shame and resentment throughout the Arab world which, added to the present social unrest, would cause a ferment that would overturn governments and spur a movement towards Arab unity, modernization — and ultimately revenge.

One may well ask, as three-quarters of the people of the world send their representatives to the United Nations this week, do things have to take this old and stupid course?

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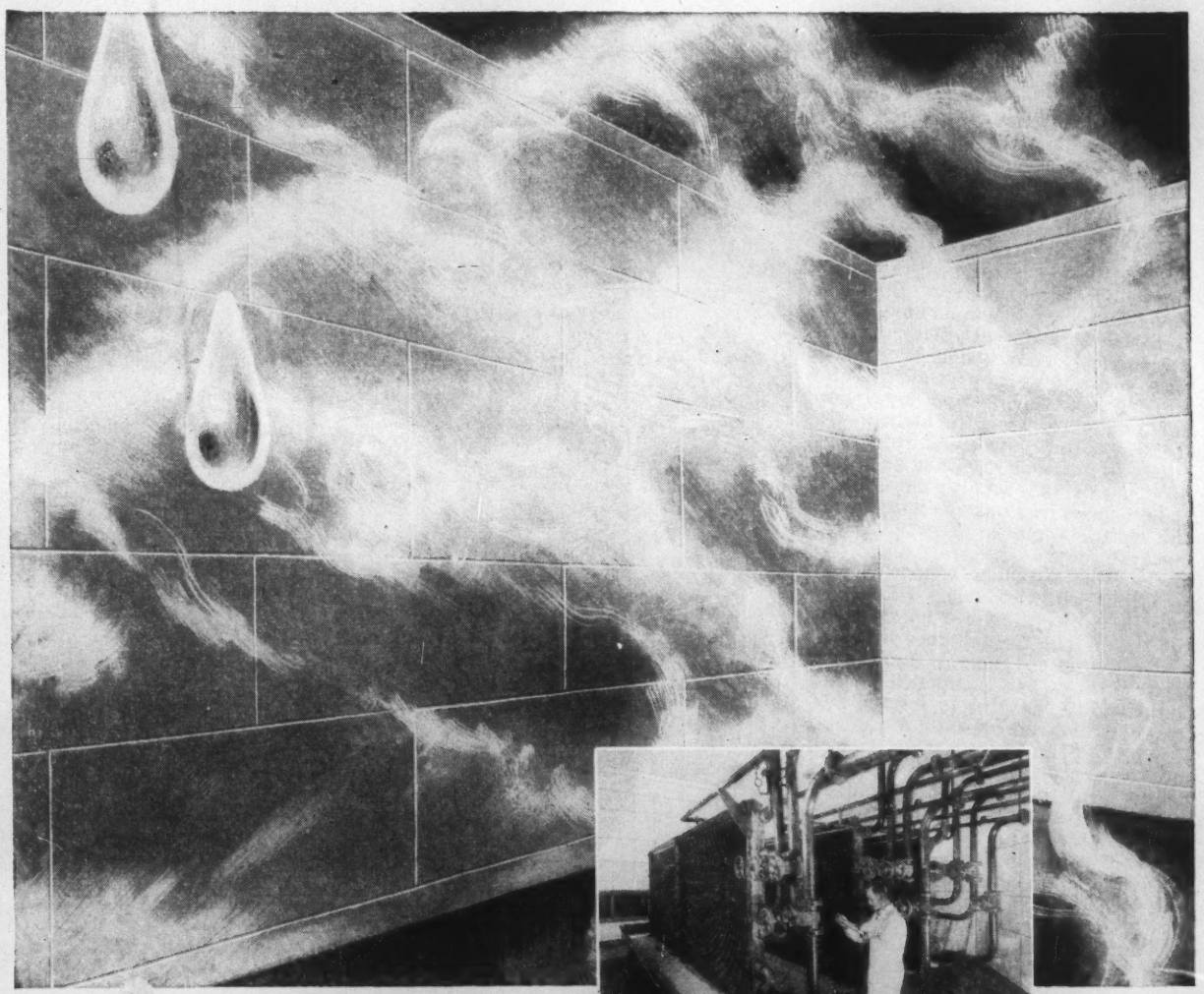

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THE BOOKSHELF
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From Alcohol To Sex Aberration And Now A Murder Most Foul

By THADDEUS KAY

THE OUTER EDGES—by Charles Jackson—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

CHARLES Jackson has written three novels. The first, "The Lost Weekend," a study in alcoholism, was pretty successful all around. The second, "The Fall of Valor," a study in late-developing homosexuality, would have been successful if the one key development had been believable. In this, his third effort, Jackson studies the effect on various people of a peculiarly pointless sex-murder, and he is not successful because practically everything that happens is unbelievable, or at best a special case.

A very moronic moron named Aaron Adams murders two young sisters, for reasons which the author apparently believes to be obvious, but which aren't, to this reviewer at least. The story is given a big play by a New York tabloid and the radio, with the following results: a bored Westchester matron who had been accosted by the murderer has a brief and disappointing affair with a slick-tongued radio newscaster; a woman living near the victims' home glories in a bit of brief but glaring publicity; a callow young embryo writer attempts to duplicate Aaron's interesting feat; a vicious little schoolgirl accuses an innocent tailor of molesting her (we never do learn how this turns out); and the central character, a well-to-do advertising executive, gets into one of the most astonishing tizzies of recent fiction.

It is in this latter story, the one concerning Jim Harron, that the novel's utter confusion of thought becomes most apparent. The thing is a complete hodgepodge of coincidence, sex, and weird psychology. Jim Harron has a wife who loves him and a daughter whom he idolizes. On the day of the murder he runs over a dog and doesn't stop, and this incident upsets the family more than you'd believe possible. His wife leaves Jim for the slimmest of reasons, taking little Mary. Jim hears about the murder and somehow connects it in his mind with the dog. His office work falls off, he can't even work up any enthusiasm for dalliance with his mistress, and in general things are pretty grim. Then, compelled by unknown forces, he goes to see the bereaved father and offers him money. The father refuses it. *This*, somehow, causes Jim to realize that he merely loves his daughter too much. He feels better about everything and heads for Princeton to pick up his wife and the girl.

What it all means is hard to say. On occasion, Jackson's notion seems to be that there's a little murder in everyone. At other times, the idea appears to be that there's a lot of morbid curiosity in everyone. On end, however, the novel proves absolutely nothing at all. Either the author had a theme that was much too big for him, or he didn't have any theme at all. In either case, the result is highly unsatisfactory for a man of Jackson's abilities, and a terrible come-down from the acute observation and sharp writing of "The Lost Weekend."

Dry Ice In The Heart

By JOHN H. YOCOM

THE GOVERNESS AT ASHBURTON HALL—by Neil Bell—*Collins*—$2.75.

THIS trim little novel has that smoothly developed suspense technique that British storytellers are supposed to possess; we're thinking of Daphne DuMaurier and Neil Bell. The strange happenings at Ashburton Hall on the beautifully stark cliffs of the Devon coast at the end of the nineteenth century are related with a lean, firm plotting and no palaver over characterization. The atmosphere is as direct and convincing in effect as a cold shower and it leaves you tingling afterwards.

The heroine, governess to a baronet's two youngsters, has plenty of beauty to attract trouble and enough intelligence to sidestep the evil. For evil it is, and against such *fin de siècle* refinements as Wilde, the early Shaw, Bennett and upper class Victorianism with all the trimmings, one would expect only mild bounders. Imagine, then, your surprise at dropping in on sadist experts, strategical adulterers, murderers and other dead-of-night operators with dry ice in their hearts. The author's workmanlike handling of the surprises clicks as neatly as a Swiss watch.

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

IF YOU like Joseph Shearing you will like her latest chiller *Mignonette* (Musson $2.50). The author has an almost unique gift of writing in the language and idiom of whatever period in which her plot is laid, in the present case some hundred years ago. She is a master of suspense, and approaching horror but dimly apprehended. In the present case we think her heroine is almost unbelievably stupid . . . It is not necessary to be a devotee of swing music to enjoy *Tremolo* by Ernest Borneman (Musson $2.50) but, as the fellow said, it will help. We found it an absorbing book, written in a most agreeable style, with suspense mingled with tenderness. If it has a fault we think it lies in springing the villain of the piece on the reader rather too suddenly. In an obvious attempt to mystify him, this character is left rather vague and commonplace until the time for clarification arrives. We may regard Mr. Borneman as a Canadian, though he was born in Germany. Though a young man, he is certainly a mature writer from whom more will be expected . . . In theme *The Chocolate Cobweb* by Charlotte Armstrong (Longmans, Green, $3) is not unlike *Tremolo*, the difference being that the author makes no mystery of the identity of the criminal. Horror takes the place of suspense . . . When Anthony Abbott collected *These Are Strange Tales* (Winston, $3.50) most, if not all, of which had already appeared in magazines, his idea must have been to prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Most of the stories deal with crimes, some of them famous. Others are illustrative of the fact that coincidences occur in real life which no writer of fiction would dare to employ because he would not be believed. Some of the stories are almost incredible, but we have the assurance of the author that they are all true. We enjoyed these stories immensely.

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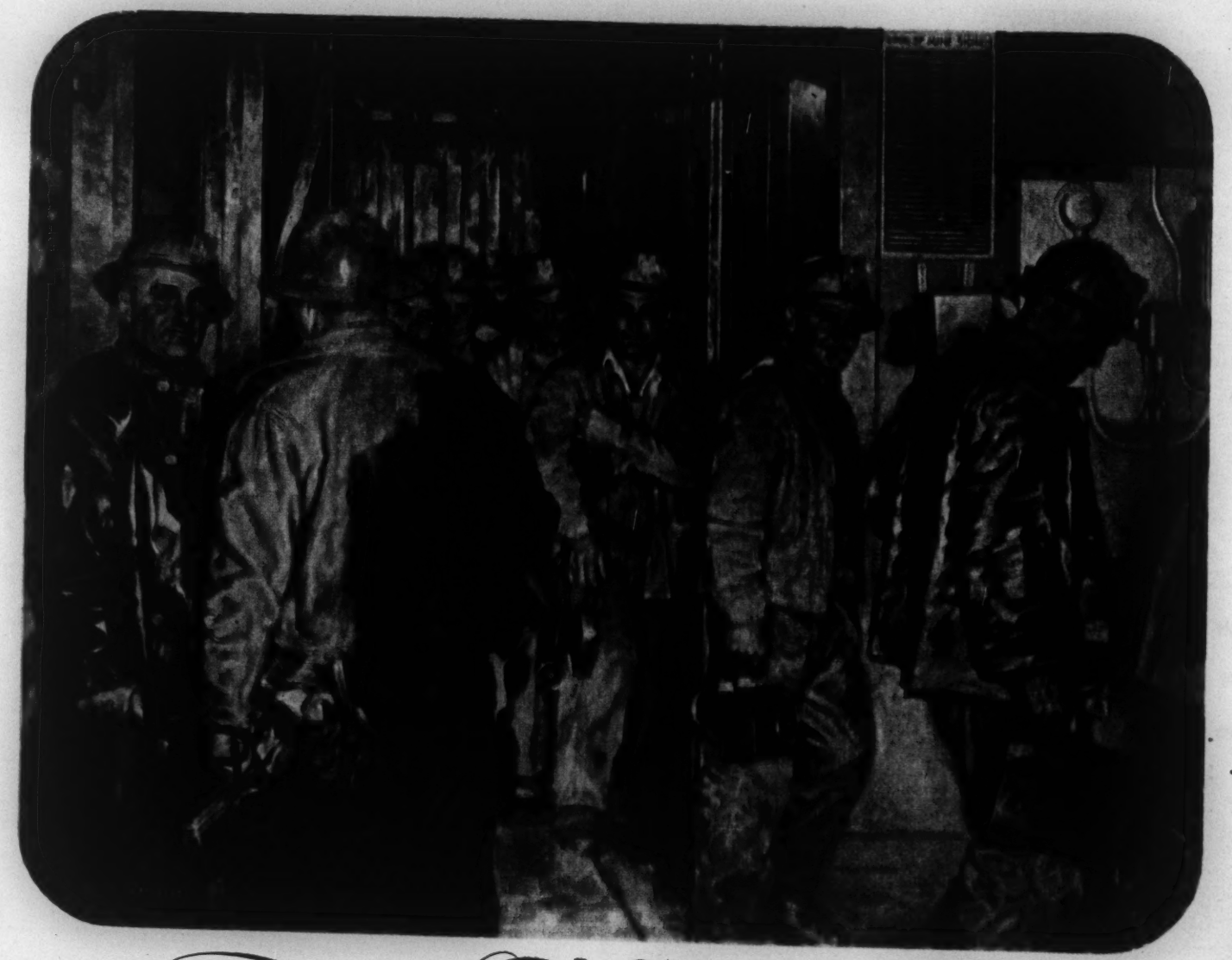

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SCIENCE FRONT

Research Suggests Some Diseases Have Causes Inherited In Genes

By JOHN J. O'NEIL

New York.

MEDICINE is working toward a new, deeper and broader foundation in which it will make contact with the genetic nature of the individual and may find in the genes that control inheritance the cause of some illnesses which have been attributed to other factors and treated without much success.

One of the important steps in this direction was that recently reported by Dr. Charles F. Wilkinson Jr., assistant professor of internal medicine, University of Michigan School of Medicine. He found, in extensive researches, that the amount of cholesterol in the blood is determined by inherited factors.

Cholesterol is the substance that is deposited in the arteries, thickening their walls and reducing the size of the opening through which the blood flows. This causes the condition known as hardening of the arteries. Calcium, the bone-making element, had been blamed for the resulting loss of elasticity in the arteries, but it forms only a very thin layer on the underlying thicker cholesterol deposits.

Many thousands of individuals are carefully limiting their diet to reduce the amount of cholesterol they receive in their food in the hope of lowering the amount in the blood, thereby preventing the deposition of the substance on the walls of their arteries. Eggs, and particularly the yolks of eggs, are avoided because they contain a proportionately larger amount of cholesterol than any other common food. Milk, fats and animal tissues contain it in varying small amounts.

Dr. Wilkinson found that when one parent had a high content of cholesterol in the blood, half of the children had similar high amounts of cholesterol. When both parents had a normal cholesterol content, all of the children studied showed similar normal blood cholesterol conditions.

Is Old Age The Cause?

These observations hang a big question mark on the common assertion of medical men that old age is the cause of hardening of the arteries. The younger children were found to have a high content of cholesterol in the blood, following the common Mendelian inheritance formula, when both parents had this condition.

Hardening of the arteries is frequently accompanied by a slight increase in the amount of sugar in the blood, and some kind of linkage between arteriosclerosis and diabetes has been suspected; but which was the cause and which the effect was never determined. Early treatment for diabetes is almost invariably recommended.

Dr. Wilkinson's researches hang another question on this situation, for he tested the individuals with high cholesterol content and found that they had no difficulty in tolerating large dosages of starches and sugars —a situation which would not exist if the blood found in connection with high cholesterol content was caused by a diabetic condition. Therefore, some other cause of the high sugar content is indicated.

The researches thus far reported are early steps in a larger program. Dr. Wilkinson set out to determine whether high cholesterol content is the cause of thickening, or hardening of the arteries. The fact that the blood carries more than an average amount of cholesterol is not proof that this is the cause of the substance being deposited on the walls of the arteries.

The body produces cholesterol, a fatlike solid alcohol, for many purposes. It is a constituent of the bile acids and has an important part to play in the digestion of fats and is the primary substance out of which the body manufactures many of its essential hormones, or gland extracts. It is a normal constituent of brain tissue and of the fatlike layers that surround some nerves as an insulating covering.

With cholesterol performing so many functions in the body, it is obvious that the deposition of the substance on the walls of the arteries is not a simple problem.

It prevents the destruction of the red blood cells, which under some conditions break down by losing hemin, the red coloring matter which carries oxygen to all parts of the body. It was used as a treatment for pernicious anemia before liver extracts became available and was believed to be beneficial in the treatment of tuberculosis.

The amount of cholesterol in the blood may be an index of the extent to which the body uses or requires the various cholesterol activities. Dr. Wilkinson's discovery that the cholesterol index of the blood is inherited indicates that the production of this substance is controlled by one or more genes in the chromosomes.

It also indicates that nature rates cholesterol as an extremely important substance, whose production must not be left to processes not directly under the control of the master plan of life—that is, in the chemical structures of the genes and chromosomes in the nucleus of each living cell.

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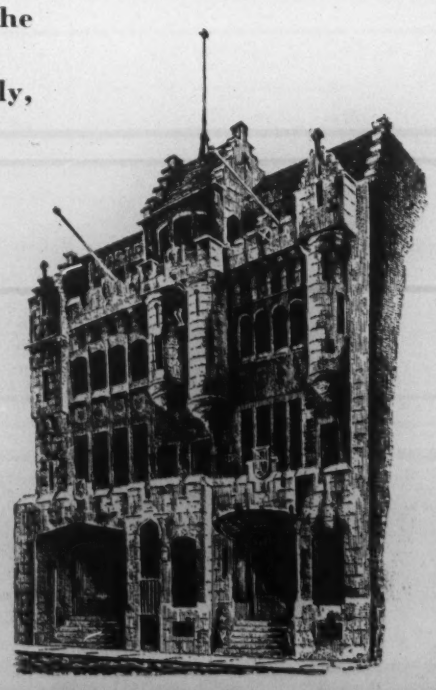

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

A Prairie Connoisseur Of Art And Business

By GRAHAM McINNES

Fred Mendel came to Saskatoon from Hungary just before the Second World War with a business sense and a love of art. There with a fine collection of paintings he has created a little enclave of the European civilization which he had known.

TO EXAMINE the colors of a lush Vlamminck or the delicate stippled tones of a Pissarro on the second floor of a prairie meat-packing house might seem an experience bordering on the fantastic. Equally unexpected would be the presence in this same packing house of one of the country's finest collections of modern French and Canadian paintings. Yet on the outskirts of the city of Saskatoon, in the plant of Intercontinental Packers Ltd., such rich treasures exist. And if there is anything more remarkable than the collection itself it is the man who made it possible.

When Fred Mendel came to Canada from Hungary just before the beginning of World War II, he undoubtedly brought with him a shrewd business sense and a thorough knowledge of the mystic intricacies involving the preparation of canned hams. But he also brought something more important: a love of civilized living and fine art, a connoisseur's eye and, as his business prospered, the means to gratify his own good taste. His choice of Saskatoon as headquarters was deliberate. He was looking for the logical centre from which to process and export pork products made from hogs fed on hard prairie grain. He bought an abandoned plant and went into the business of exporting to the world the food of whose need he, as a European, was so well aware.

FRED MENDEL

No Ivory Tower

At the same time he sought to recreate, in his adopted country, a little enclave of the European civilization which he had known. This was no mere sentimentality; nor was it the creation of an ivory tower. For Mr. Mendel's activities included not only the building up of a first class collection of modern painting, but the active support of Canadian artists, and particularly of the painters of Saskatoon. The walls of the bright new cafeteria which he established for his staff are decorated with murals by Bill Perehudoff, a young Saskatonian whose self-developed talent seemed worthy of support. Above the stairs leading up from the factory to his apartment on the second floor, which houses his collection, hang examples of work by Ernest Lindner, Wynona Mulcaster, Robert Hurley and other Saskatoon painters. Their works have found a new public not only through Mr. Mendel's generosity, but through the development of the local Art Centre and the interest in fine art which student veterans have brought with them to the University of Saskatchewan.

A visit to Mr. Mendel's gallery is an extraordinary experience. As you near the head of the stairs the door is opened by the connoisseur himself: diminutive, bright-eyed, courtly, and with that obvious gusto in the enjoyment of others that marks the true collector. Beside him stands his brother Emil, who manages the Australian end of the business, and whose flying visits to Canada are a regular feature of Intercontinental's operations. The host smiles and beckons, and as you pass through the door the faint odor of pork vanishes down the stairs to be replaced by the more exciting scents of paint and canvas.

You pause in admiration. Immediately before you is a magnificent Feininger: a spindle-legged wharf and a lean fishing boat against a yellow sky flecked with brown clouds. Next to it is a fine expressionist painting of the New York skyline at night; the work of Mr. Mendel's daughter Eva who, as Eva Miller, is already well known in Montreal art circles. As you move from room to room the feast unfolds. Here is a rich green Vlamminck landscape. On the same wall is a forceful painting by Franz Marc; not the blue horses this time, but two monumental pigs—a happy blend of professional and artistic associations. In the same room are no less than four Emily Carrs, all of the first rank: two swirling charcoals, a rushing forest landscape in oil and an early totem piece.

Historic Pieces

Jackson and MacDonald hang side by side in the living room, and these are historic pieces. The Jackson is dated 1912; a feathery impressionist landscape with bright purples and greens. The MacDonald, a noble view of logging on the Gatineau, bears the date 1915, three years before his Algoma period. Close by is a large oil by Max Liebermann, the great German impressionist, sometimes known as the German Monet. Over the radio is a delicate little Pissarro; a grey boulevard between tall grey houses, bringing to the frozen prairie all the nostalgia of Paris on a rainy afternoon.

Mr. Mendel has an uncanny knack for picking the very best of an artist's work. On the north wall hangs a Goodridge Roberts portrait which looks completely at home beside a monolithic nude by Kisling. One of Louis Muhlstock's Montreal street scenes at summer's height might almost be another Vlamminck. Over in the corner a pencil sketch of Einstein contrasts sharply with a savage drawing by Georg Grosz; one of those classic works which show the disintegration of German society after World War I. For good measure, Mr. Mendel secured a drawing that has another one, almost as devastating, on the reverse side.

Passing from the living room to the playroom, decorated in knotty pine by Mrs. Mendel, who designed the interiors for the whole apartment, you see that the pictures are of an entirely different type. They are thoroughly academic and you wonder for a moment if Mr. Mendel's taste has undergone a sudden change. Then you realize that the pictures are almost all paintings of race horses

(*Continued on Page 23*)

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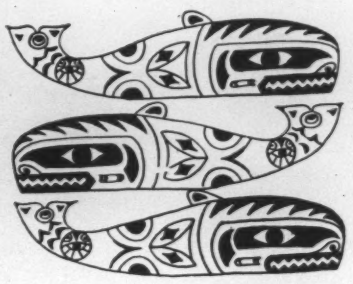

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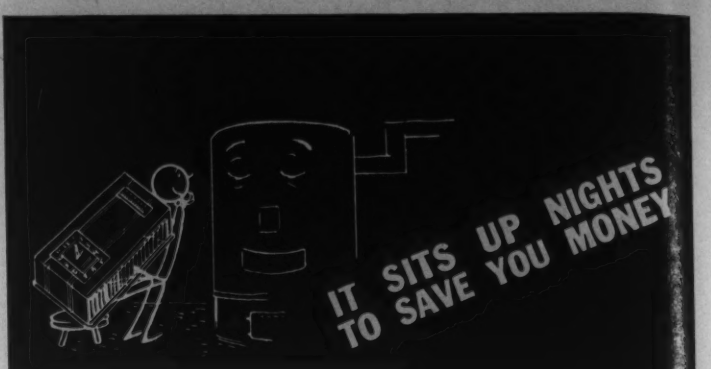

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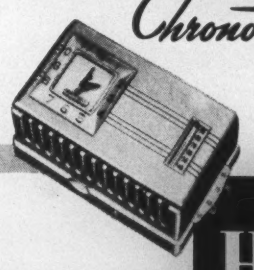

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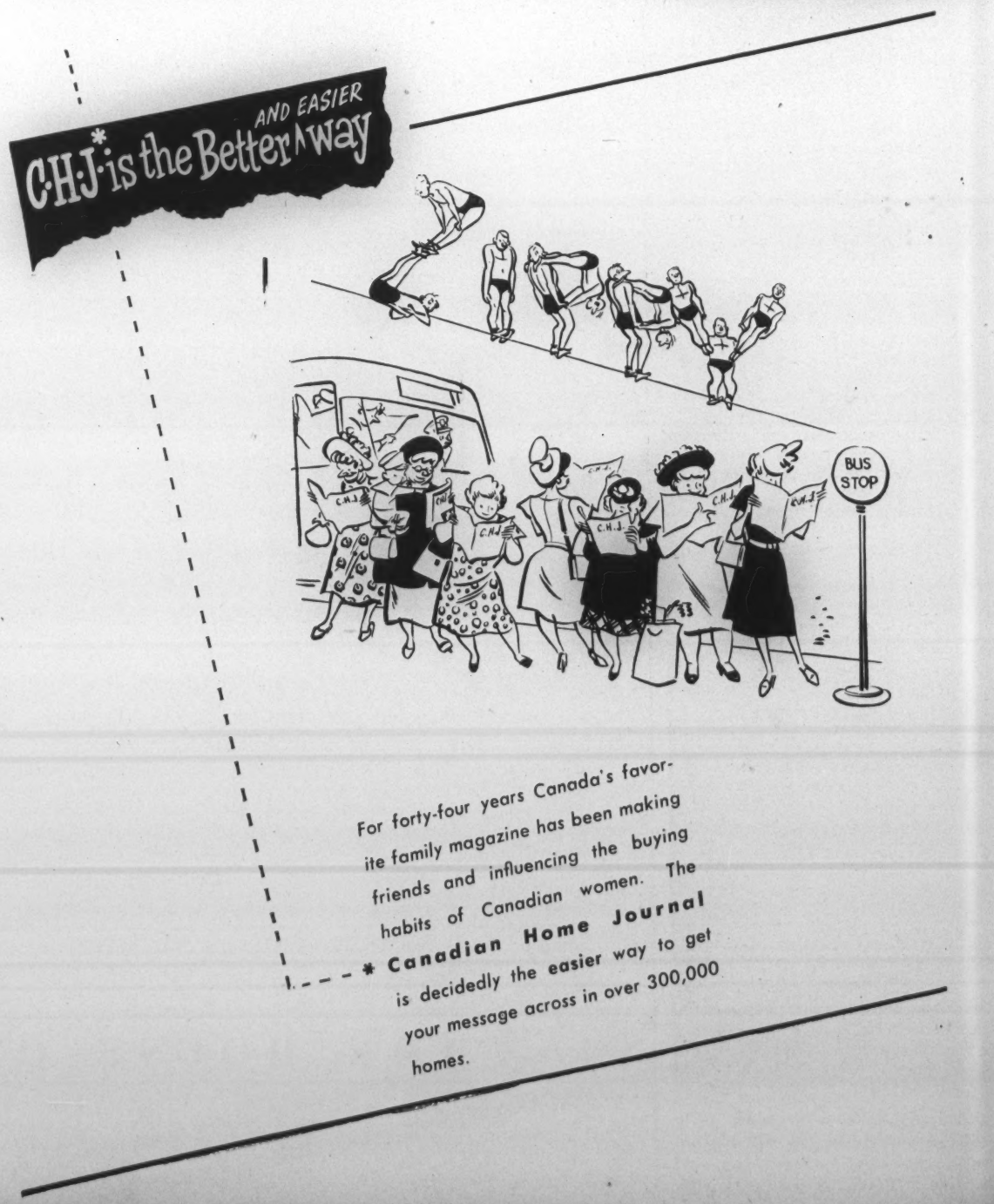

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All-Canadian Drama Plan Makes Hit In Kingston

By FORREST JOHNSTON

The recent Summer School of Fine Arts at Kingston undertook an all-Canadian season of dramatic presentations which included two premières by Robertson Davies and Joseph Schull.

CANADIAN playwrights, Canadian actors and Canadian players came into their own at Kingston during the past summer. And as a result of the extraordinary season of summer theatre there, Kingstonians probably became more legitimate-theatre-conscious than they have been at any time since officers of the Imperial Army began to encourage stage entertainment in 1812 as a means of keeping their soldiers out of trouble.

During the 10 weeks beginning June 29, theatre-goers of the old university city saw the première of a Canadian comedy by Robertson (Samuel Marchbanks) Davies, the stage première of a drama by Canadian playwright Joseph Schull, and the second public performance of a comedy melodrama by Montreal authors Janet McPhee and Herbert Whittaker. And all these were in addition to, or as part of, the city's first full season of professional summer stock.

Native Sons' Work

The Davies play—"Fortune, My Foe"—roused the greatest local interest of the three new productions. Not only is its author a native Kingstonian, but as well, its producer, Arthur Sutherland, is a Kingstonian who has just returned to his home town after establishing a reputation for himself as actor and producer in American stock companies. Furthermore, the scene of the play is Kingston, and the central character a legendary figure of the Limestone City during prohibition and post-prohibition days. To complete the Kingston connection came Grant Macdonald, former official naval war artist, and at present a resident of Kingston, who designed highly authentic sets.

Production of "Fortune, My Foe; marked a sort of reunion between Messrs. Sutherland and Davies, 13 years after they last worked together in Queen's Drama Guild productions. With Mr. Sutherland, 1935 president of the guild, as producer, and Mr. Davies as director, the under-graduate play society that year produced "Oedipus Rex," the most elaborate production undertaken by the guild up to that time.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Davies left for England to attend Oxford University where his interest in the theatre was maintained and intensified through work in student drama groups. Following graduation, he joined the Old Vic Company and toured England with it for one season.

After his return to Canada Mr. Davies turned his talents to journalism. He is now well known in newspaper circles as editor of the Peterborough *Examiner*, and, to the public at large, as the author of the humorous and much read "Diary of Samuel Marchbanks." His interest in the theatre was never completely lost, however. His one-act plays "Overlaid" and "Eros at Breakfast" won him prizes in contests sponsored by the Ottawa Drama League in 1946 and 1947 respectively. Both were produced in regional drama festivals at Kingston and "Eros" was adjudged best one-act play in the festival of 1948.

Mr. Sutherland went from Queen's Drama Guild via Dominion Drama Festivals to United States stock companies. On the way he picked up the highest praise of the adjudicator at the Dominion festival, and an enthusiasm for acting and producing.

After several years' experience with companies throughout the New England States, he joined the Special Services Unit of the American Army. With it he toured the United States and Europe, producing and acting in various army shows with such stars as Bob Hope, Ingrid Bergman, and Jeanette MacDonald, and did some movie work for Warner Brothers.

This year, convinced that Kingston could support a season of summer stock, Arthur Sutherland collected some of the best Canadian acting talent—Josephine Barrington, Jean Cruchet, Frank Wade, Glenn Burns, Drew Thompson, Marian Jones and Ann Arnold — and opened a little theatre in the ball room of the city's largest hotel. Playwright Davies, on a visit to Kingston, was so impressed with the ability of Sutherland's International Players that he joined forces with his old ally to produce the play which he finished writing only two weeks before it went into rehearsal. Once more Davies was director of one of Sutherland's productions.

Just as active as its two erstwhile members was the 1948 Queen's Drama Guild. Following a nation-wide playwrighting contest as a means of encouraging native talent, the guild, under direction of Dr. William Angus, undertook an all-Canadian season in connection with the University's Summer School of Fine Arts.

Montrealers' Production

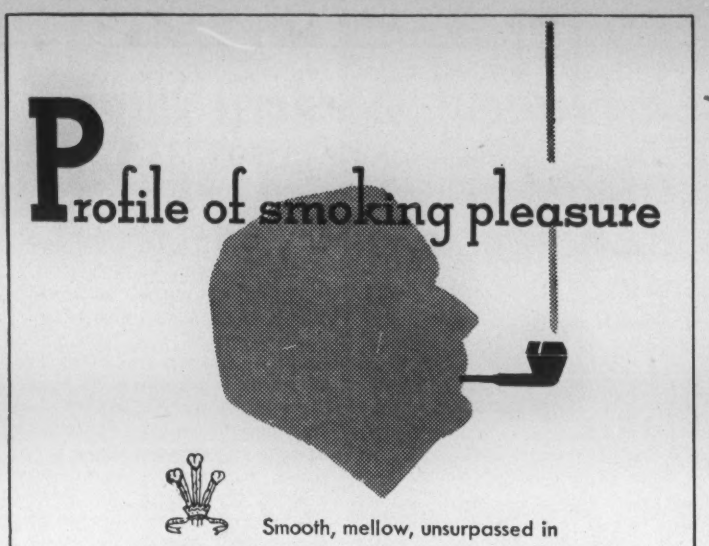
First play produced was "Jupiter in Retreat" by Montrealers McPhee and Whittaker. It was directed by Charles Rittenhouse who had also been responsible for the première of the play in Montreal, earlier in the year. Though the theme was not exclusively Canadian, the locale was in the Laurentians, north of Montreal. Brilliant sets by Martha Jamieson and a fine interpretation of a habitant ice-man by Laurence Thornton, both reliable workers in the guild, made the play seem Canadian enough.

Unlike the other two works by native writers, Joseph Schull's drama "The Bridge" had its scene on foreign soil—postwar France. Unlike the others, too, it was purely dramatic in character and written quite frankly with the idea of conveying a message as well as providing entertainment. "The Bridge" was directed by Dr. Georgiana Von Tornow of New York, member of the Queen's Summer School staff, but Schull himself was present for most of the rehearsals. The finished production, a definite hit with Kingston audiences who packed the hall after the first performance, was the result of close collaboration between author, director and players.

So successful did all these Canadian theatre ventures prove in Kingston, that plans have already been announced for furthering the missionary work begun this year. Dr. Angus has stated his intention of producing Canadian plays at regular intervals, winter and summer, and as often as possible. Mr. Sutherland is already laying plans for another season of summer stock and is toying with the possibility of bringing regular professional productions here during the winter.

—Drawing by Grant Macdonald

ROBERTSON DAVIES



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THE WEEK IN RADIO

The All-Western Show

By JOHN L. WATSON

THE all-Western "Wednesday Night" of September 8 was pretty much of a hodge-podge and even at this distance it is hard to distinguish the wheat from the chaff—and the chaff from the corn.

The oboe concerto by our much-neglected contemporary, Rutland Boughton, sounded quite respectable in a nice, old-fashioned way, thanks largely to the splendid work of oboist Stanley Wood. (I regret having missed the flute concerto.)

I am not going to argue about Tommy Tweed's "Baedecker on the Saskatchewan". We obviously don't agree on what constitutes humor and I am quite willing to believe that these radio fantasies are as funny to some people as they are incomprehensible to me. ("What kind of furs do they sell in South-Western Ontario? Why, 25-cycle electric seal!" Ha!)

Matthew Halton, one of the C.B.C.'s ablest and best-informed commentators, tried to achieve the impossible by describing "The Canadian Personality" Of course, he failed to do so but his talk was interesting all the same. I suppose the fact is that Canada itself has so much more personality than its people (as a race, if not as individuals) that speakers who set out to talk about Canadians almost always end up talking about Canada—its forests, its prairies, its mountains, etc., etc.

Mr. Halton's remarks about the Canadian soldier were apt and incisive, but it seemed to me that he failed to penetrate the very essence of the Canadian character—if, in fact, there is such a thing. After all, bewilderment and doubt are by no means the monopoly of Canadians in this day and age; nor is the self-conscious avoidance of good manners and good speech.

As for the main feature of the evening, the program dedicated to the greater glory of the Canadian West (with special reference to the C.B.C.'s new Prairie transmitters), it was certainly "different", though whether it could be called anything else is a matter of opinion. The C.B.C. was faced with the problem of tooting its own horn and tooting it entertainingly—which is always a difficult job.

The idea of putting the technical men on the air was a very good one but it was overdone. These matter-of-fact men-behind-the-men-behind-the-mike sounded very real and convincing, but three or four of them would have been quite adequate.

The musical narrative, "Radio", by John Kannawin and Percy Faith, was immensely effective; it expressed so well the terrific tempo and the tremendous sense of urgency that are the essence of radio.

Mr. Kannawin's verse was pretty pedestrian at times, but it was full of life and action; it showed up best in the spoken passages because a good deal of it was cruel stuff to sing. The music was pure Hollywood, of course—slick and shiny and unmelodic, yet thoroughly appropriate; there was some particularly clever use of the old wireless signal motif.

John Sturgess' voice is especially well adapted to jobs like this and Bernie Braden is, among other things, the radio narrator *par excellence.*

Star in C.B.C.'s Crown

By far the most interesting musical program of recent weeks was, in my opinion, the "Little Symphonies" broadcast of September 12, which included samples of the best music of two very musical countries: 18th Century Germany and 20th Century England. Selections from two cantatas of Bach, played by the orchestra under Geoffrey Waddington, were followed by a performance of Vaughan Williams' song-cycle "On Wenlock Edge", with William Morton, Leo Barkin and the orchestra. Incidentally, this was the second broadcast performance of this lovely work in less than six months—another star in C.B.C.'s crown—and it was even more agreeable to listen to this time than last.

As usual, Mr. Morton was in splendid form and, as usual, the orchestra was a little too modest. (Why do radio producers almost invariably pamper thoroughly capable singers by suppressing the accompaniment?) Mr. Morton is a wonderfully sensitive interpreter of this kind of music. His diction is just about perfect and he has none of that unholy prissiness that so many English

Paul Scherman, Assistant Conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. will conduct the Friday night Pop concerts this year, the first hour of each being broadcast. The Pop series will commence on October 22.

tenors display whenever they try to be "distinct".

If "The Shropshire Lad" is not quite the best of modern English poetry, "On Wenlock Edge" is surely one of the jewels of modern English music. In it the composer has managed to catch all the beauty and the irony of the verses and to steer clear of the doggerel and the cheap cynicism. There is intensity of mood from beginning to end with never a suspicion of musical cliché. Vaughan Williams has the happy knack of never saying what you expect him to say and always saying what is right.

•

Another B.B.C. transcription, entitled "Dreams", was an interesting example of one way—perhaps a typically English, or B.B.C., way—to handle a documentary subject in dramatic form. The documentary content is emphasized and the drama minimized: the effect is one of extreme naturalness — too extreme, perhaps, for listeners who have been brought up on the more highly seasoned radio dramas of this continent. I doubt if many people who were not keenly interested in the subject of psycho-analysis stayed tuned in for the whole program; for those who did, however, the results were rewarding.

Professional Polish

The adaptation of Irwin Shaw's short story, "The Man with One Arm", made a potent radio play. Quite apart from its political content, which pointed a useful moral, it was tremendously effective drama and it was done with really professional polish. John Drainie, Tommy Tweed and Bernie Braden all played brilliantly and Mavor Moore was positively Dickensian in his interpretation of an insane and loathsome relic of Nazi officialdom. The play, which was set in the shambles of Berlin, illustrated an admirable formula for a Third World War—as if we needed a formula!

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Perhaps the most intrepid—and, I suspect, the least successful—of recent musical experiments was the performance, for the first time on the air, of the Symphony in C Major by Richard Wagner. The C.B.S. Orchestra went about the job with remarkable zest but, even so, the results were none too happy. Wagner composed his symphony at the age of nineteen and it is a reasonably competent student exercise, but no more. It was apparent that the composer had set out to imitate as faithfully as possible the symphonic style of his adored Beethoven—which he succeeded in doing because he had a positive genius for imitation—but it was equally apparent that he was then as much at sea in the medium of the symphony as he was later to be at home in the medium of the music drama.

Be that as it may, it is a good thing for radio orchestras to wander from the beaten path occasionally, to graze in the less carefully cultivated musical meadows. They are in a better position to do so than the local orchestras who must continually satisfy admission-paying audiences.

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I have never been an advocate of opera in English, on the grounds that the libretti usually sound even sillier when you can understand them than they do when you can't. However, the performance of "I Pagliacci" on the new series, "Opera for the People", demonstrated how good an English version can sound when it is intelligently handled. This new series is produced by the Commonwealth Opera Company of Sydney, Australia, and is heard over Station CFRB, Toronto, on Sunday afternoons at 2.30.

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Jenifer Wayne's documentary drama, "British Justice", which was sent to us by the B.B.C., made a rather stuffy subject interesting and comprehensible by dealing with it in very human terms. What more ingenious way of outlining to a radio audience the history of British judicial procedure than by having British Justice herself stand trial in a court of law, surrounded by her accusers? This is the sort of thing the B.B.C. does supremely well and the C.B.C. ought to import as much of it as they can get hold of.

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We expect of all men that they respect, work towards our ideal of a perfect democra . . . but, these ends must be gained under fair, democratic methods. Any other means methods . . . no matter what the objective, are repulsive to us and will not, cannot tolerated. Yes, the citizen of the totalitarian state lives in constant fear . . . fear of t police . . . fear of his neighbor, yes, even fear of his own kin. Freedom from fear of unju unreasonable persecution is our way. Let us, as citizens of the world's most "sa democracy" see to it, by constant, alert vigilance of our ideals that we and our childr pursue our way of life . . . seek the good things thereof in our democratic manner th we may continue to enjoy to the full . . .

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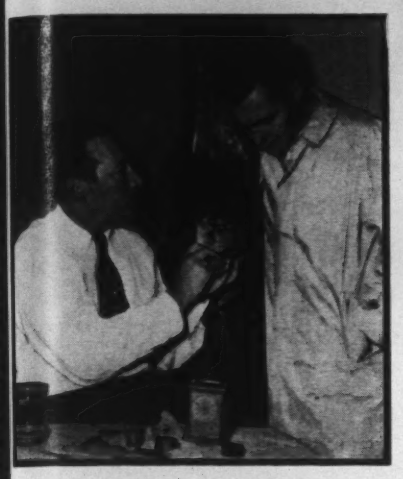
MUSICAL EVENTS

Bustle in Vancouver

By JOHN YOCOM

VANCOUVER musical activity is off to a good start this fall with many organizations already holding rehearsals. We herewith report a few signs of autumnal ardor.

Jacques Singer, musical director of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, returning to resume his orchestral duties for the coming season after an extended holiday in New York and other cities, has announced his first program of the subscription concert series at the Orpheum Theatre Sunday afternoon Oct. 10, beginning at 2.30. The program will include: Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Bach



For a hobby, violist Nathan Green of Toronto Symphony repairs watches. He explains how to cellist Rowland Pack, a new orchestral member.

Symphony Week for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra begins on September 27 when special events will make the citizens better acquainted with their orchestra's need for $60,000 in donations to carry on the season's program of concerts. Four of the chess experts from the T.S.O. string section here mark a little time before a concert (l. to r.): Ben Halperin, George Mulliner, Nathan Green and Robert Warburton.

(Cailliet); "Come Sweet Death", Bach (Stokowski); "Egmont", Beethoven; Fifth Symphony in C Minor, Beethoven; "Three Cornered Hat" Part II, de Falla; Fire Bird Suite, Stravinsky; Coronation Scene, Moussorgsky.

The orchestra's plans include twelve subscription concerts, three special concerts and twenty-three "Pop" concerts sponsored by the British American Oil Company over the international network of the C.B.C. Pop concerts have been changed from Wednesday to Thursday nights, due to broadcasting arrangements. They will be held in the Park Auditorium, with the first concert on Thursday, October 7. Through the cooperation of the Vancouver School Board, five special school concerts will be held on Thursday afternoons. A special committee will arrange the programs. There will be six University concerts, held on Friday afternoons during the season. Out-of-town concerts will be given in Victoria, New Westminster, Everett and Bellingham in Washington, U.S.

The Vancouver Oratorio Society of 100 active members began its eighteenth year last fortnight when practices for the 1948-49 season were resumed under George F. Bullen.

The Burrard Male Voice Choir announced the appointment of Thos. S. Wright, former leader of the Irish Fusiliers Band, as their new conductor. Rehearsals commenced last week.

The Kitsilano Ladies' Choir resumed rehearsals this month under the leadership of Harold Gard. Auditions are still being held for the few vacancies in the organization.

The Vancouver Welsh Choral Society, also with some vacancies to be filled, rehearsed last week for the first time this season. Evan Walters is the competent conductor.

Residents of East Hastings and North Burnaby met recently to organize a progressive musical club.

The Elgar Young People's Choir has begun Wednesday practices in the Fairfield Building. The major work for the season will be selections from "Martha".

The Youth Symphony Orchestra will start the winter season's rehearsals shortly, and old and new members are asked to register immediately at the B.C. Institute of Music and Drama.

Back to Bach

When Dr. Charles Peaker, organist of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, arranges a series of Saturday twilight recitals, audiences can be sure that something good will be in store for them. But the series which starts on Sept. 25 will be extraordinary indeed; it will be a definitive cross-section of the organ works of Johann Sebastian Bach. Lead-off organist will be Sir Ernest MacMillan on Sept. 25, when, Dr. Peaker advises us with a pardonable pun, the eminent conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra will be "Bach" to his first love. On Oct. 2 the artist will be Miss Muriel Gidley, on Oct. 9 Frederick Silvester, playing the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, and on Oct. 16 Dr. Peaker himself.

•

James Levey, eminent English Violinist, formerly leader of the famous London String Quartet (1916-1928) and Hart House Quartet (1935-1945) and guest Violin Professor at the University of Texas for the past two seasons, has been appointed head of the Violin and Chamber Music Department at the Hambourg Conservatory of Music.

•

Denise Sweeney, eighteen-year-old Saskatoon pianist, won the $500 piano scholarship over 10 cther contestants at the Canadian National Exhibition. She hopes to become a concert pianist. Last year she won the Kiwanis scholarship.

•

John Barbirolli, famed conductor of the Halle Orchestra which participated in the Edinburgh Music and Drama Festival this month, told a Canadian reporter that it was his great ambition to bring the Halle Orchestra on a Canadian tour. "This, of course, could only be accomplished," he added, "with the assistance of such a great trans-continental organization as the C.B.C."

John Christie, founder of the world-famous Glyndebourne Opera, was also present at the Edinburgh festival with his company and in an interview indicated intentions of bringing his organization to the U.S. and Canada next year for the production of Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte" with Sir Thomas Beecham and his orchestra. Christie's plan would comprise two U.S. centres, one in Canada and one or two in Europe.

Harpists Maud Craig and Nora Rogers will be on hand for the first subscription concerts Oct. 26-27.

Sir Ernest MacMillan, the conductor, may dress informally for rehearsals but is exacting in his interpretations.

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PORTS OF CALL

October Vacations In Bermuda Are Growing In Popularity

By MARJORIE LUNDBERG

TAKE 150 or so small islands. String them together with bridges and causeways. Sprinkle generously with flowers and drop like a fish hook on the Atlantic ocean. Bake by day with a bright sun; cool by night with a moon and a million stars. The result is Bermuda—coral jewels in the British crown.

When Bermuda was colonized by a shipwrecked admiral in the early seventeenth century, it was a bleak and barren, wind-swept place; there wasn't a brook or a flower on it. Only hogs—left by a sea-going adventurer a century before—cedar trees and a few palmettos inhabited its hills and marshes. But Bermuda soon became an oasis for storm-tossed mariners crossing the Atlantic, a haven for pirates and later, a trading centre for the Clipper ships whose sailors brought the tropical flowers that now run rampant over the Islands.

Lying 774 miles southeast of New York, Bermuda is continually warmed by the Gulf Stream, a condition that made it famous in the Twenties as the playground and honeymoon heaven of wealthy Americans. World War II, however, brought Bermuda closer to North America and within the reach of the average vacationer's purse. Forty hours away from New York by boat, Bermuda may be reached from there in only three hours by air and in five from Toronto or Montreal. The huge planes land on a massive Army airport built during the war by filling in acres of bay with crushed coral.

For Every Pocket

Bermuda is no longer an exclusive resort for millionaires. While many wealthy and famous people still maintain lavish estates there, the influx of passengers by air has made the Islands a paradise for every pocket. For example—as the result of a recent agreement between one airline and eleven hotels, a ten-day vacation trip to Bermuda, from New York and back, is being offered the public for as low as $232 per person. This price covers the flight to and from the Islands, lodging and meals in a hotel or guest house, a sightseeing cruise by yacht, the use of a bicycle and private swimming facilities during the entire ten days, transportation to and from the airport in Bermuda and aerial sightseeing over the Islands before landing.

Only 22 miles long and 2 miles across at its widest point, the whole of Bermuda is easily seen from the sky, and even from there, it is a riot of color. Pastel-colored houses, with snow-white roofs, nestle amid green hills; poinsettias, hibiscus and oleander bloom in profusion; the beaches are palest pink and all around is the water—gin clear and ranging in color from brilliant blue to apple green.

As quaint as the West Indies, Bermuda has no slums, no factories or billboards and no hot dog stands or night clubs. Its narrow streets wind between high stone walls and tropical gardens, along fields of lilies and emerald coves—glistening in the bright sun.

Travelling is slow in Bermuda—even in the bantam-sized automobiles which have invaded the Islands since the war. The speed limit is 20 miles and the driver's first offense against it incurs a $50 fine.

Despite the descent of the automobile age on Bermuda, victorias and surreys still move proudly along the streets; the cyclists with their inevitable wicker baskets pedal leisurely along in the shade, the ferry boat steams from one island to another, and a score of ferrymen are still rowing their clients across harbors and bays to school or work.

Divided into nine parishes, Bermuda has two good-sized cities, Hamilton and St. George. The latter is an old city—in fact, the oldest continuous settlement of Anglo-Saxons in the western hemisphere. During the hot, summer days, its white buildings are shuttered against the sun, the narrow streets empty, sounds from the tiny walled yards are muted.

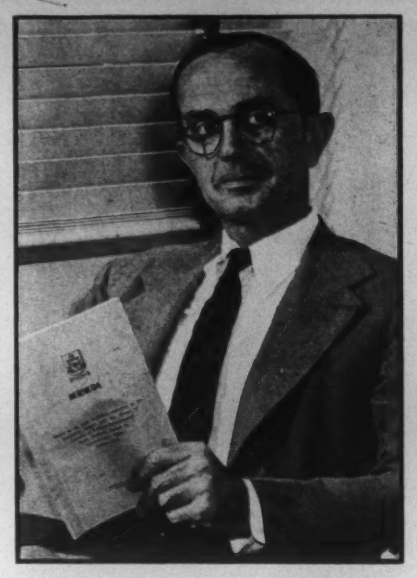
Picturesque Hamilton

Hamilton, however, the shipping, shopping and sightseeing centre of Bermuda is bustling with bicycles, taxis, carriages and people all day long. It's a picturesque city—with tinted, balconied buildings—situated on one side of the land-locked harbor where the big ships from Canada, the United States and Britain dock. Its main street faces the busy waterfront where the tourists pass through customs inspection and where the merchants unload their shipments of English china and woollens, French perfume and American groceries. The rest of the town rises up in back of Front street on a series of green hills, punctuated with the gleaming white roofs of the houses.

Bermuda cottages look like prettily frosted birthday cakes, and the bigger houses ramble up and down the rocks like the flowers that surround them. Everywhere there is the fragrance of flowers—heavy and heady—and everywhere there is color—the brilliant purple of bouganvillea and the shocking scarlet of the royal poinciana.

Since the heavens provide most of Bermuda's water supply, the rooftops are white-washed every year with limestone to purify the rain as it rolls down into storage tanks. At night, these roofs become translucent and from the sky, look like mounds of snow with the moon shining upon them.

Bermuda pleases all types of vacationists—except the constant night clubber. For those who want to relax in the sun and listen to the surf roll in, there are great stretches of creamy beaches—which are never crowded. There are tennis courts, swimming pools, facilities for sailing and spearfishing and six golf courses



The vital importance of the tourist trade in Bermuda is reflected in the appointment of Mr. N. H. P. Vesey, M. C. P., Chairman of the Bermuda Trade Development Board, to the Executive Council, by the Governor of Bermuda. Mr. Vesey was first elected to the Colonial Parliament in the general elections of 1938. He first became a member of the Bermuda Trade Development Board in that year and Chairman in 1945.

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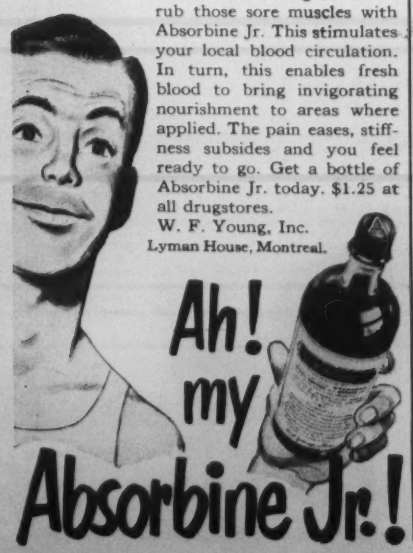

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TO bring up a family today without the protection of life insurance is as foolish as to neglect to use an elevator in a skyscraper!

Comforts, conveniences and facilities unknown to our forbears are now an essential part of living. To enjoy them and at the same time accumulate large sums of money through laborious step-by-step saving is impossible to most earners. Yet it is disastrous to take too much for granted and forget about the future.

How, then, can a man of modest means protect his dependants against financial hardship in case of untimely death — or himself against the hazards of declining years?

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—one of them the second finest in the world—for the sports-minded.

Sightseeing enthusiasts find more than enough to keep themselves busy on the Islands. Many of them visit the parliament buildings in Hamilton where a be-wigged speaker presides over the oldest legislative body in this hemisphere. Others prefer to wander through such ancient streets as Old Maid's Lane and Shinbone Alley in St. George where pirates, years ago, had to build their houses with three secret basements in order to store all of their loot.

Then there are the caves—Crystal and Leamington—in Bailey's Bay. Both are natural caverns far underground, filled with icicle-like stalactites and stalagmites hanging from the ceiling and piercing up from the slumbering subterranean waters which mirrors every one. The caves are effectively lighted and there are wooden bridges strung through them so the visitors may wander through this eerie beauty. Bermudians tell you that these strange caves are the products of centuries of rain which slowly seeped through the coral foundations of the Islands, gathering calcareous matter as it dripped into these underground chambers. Some of the formations suggest great pipe organs of crystal; others are glistening candelabra; some are massive columns and filmy daggers all in bewildering colors from alabaster to bluish-black.

As for lodging in Bermuda, there are accommodations to suit everyone. The day of the large formal hotel with footmen at every entrance seems to be past and informality and comfort is the keynote. However, the charming custom of dressing formally for dinner and dancing has been revived at least on Saturday nights in the hotels.

April, May and October seem to be the most popular months in Bermuda now with tourists. As for the summer—well the Bermudians say, "We used to keep the summer—the best time of all—for ourselves. But our secret is gradually being discovered."

Prairie Connoisseur

(*Continued from Page* 18)

owned at one time by Mr. Mendel and his brother when they lived in Hungary, and hence matters of historic record rather than artistic licence. Further, though naturalistic, the horses are finely painted and considerably more lively than the average Munnings. Yet not all the paintings are of horses. Sandwiched between two aristocrats of the turf, the raddled face of a primped and powdered street-walker peers out, immortalized by the corrosive brush of the German expressionist Otto Dix. On the far wall is a conversation piece by one of the Euston Road Group, and the mirror over the bar carries the heartening motto, "Let's be ourselves."

Mr. Mendel is modest. "I shan't be really satisfied," he says, "until I have Cézanne and Renoir." This is a notable ambition. But already the Mendel collection must be one of the half dozen best in the entire country.

If it were only a collection of fine paintings it would still be unique, but Mr. Mendel's contribution to his adopted land includes the generous support of many artistic enterprises in the city of Saskatoon. The commission of murals by Bill Perehudoff is only one example; for Mr. Mendel, whether at his apartment, at the Bessborough, or on one of his many plane trips in search of world markets, can be relied on to support the Art Centre, to buy local paintings and to assist financially the needs of the home-town artist. Being an expert connoisseur he is perhaps at times under few delusions as to absolute quality when he supports local talent. But he has the attitude of the cultivated and well-to-do European who regards it as both his pleasure and his duty to support any worth while creative work in his own city.

Saskatonians will tell you that Fred Mendel's meat-packing business is an outstanding success story, both in production and in employer-employee relations. But perhaps the success story in the art world is more remarkable because in Canada an attitude such as his is apt to be so much more rare. If Canada is as lucky in her new citizens as she has been in Fred Mendel, then the outlook is cheerful indeed. Meanwhile the city of Saskatoon, long famed as the ideal place to break a transcontinental journey, now adds to its University, its Art Centre, its bright *Star-Phoenix* and the noble sweep of the South Saskatchewan River, the attractions of the superb Mendel collection.

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Just a few days ago, Libby experts were out in the fields examining their crop of prize tomatoes—thin-skinned, sweet-flavoured, heavy with juice, the result of 36 years of expert seed selection. These were examined for flavour, for sugar content, for vitamin content. Libby's tomatoes are grown to Libby's exacting standards.

When these selected beauties reached peak perfection, harvesters moved out into the fields. As they filled their baskets with rosy ripe tomatoes, these were rushed to Libby's kitchens, washed, and pressed by Libby's famous patented "Gentle Press" process. Gently their fresh, sweet juice was extracted, a little salt added (nothing more), the tins were sealed and were on their way to your grocer.

This is why Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice is unsurpassed for freshness, for flavour, for vitamins—why Libby's is an excellent dietary source of vitamins A and C—good, and good for you!

Rich in flavour and health-giving vitamins, Libby's is one of the most economical fruit juices you can buy. The Libby habit is an economical, healthful one—for children and grown-ups too!

Right now is the time to stock your shelves with Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice. For the past several years there has not been enough of Libby's Tomato Juice to supply the demand. To those many thousands who have made Libby's the first choice among juices, Libby's suggest that you order your requirements promptly.

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Callaghan And Aldwinckle Report On The University of Toronto

(*Continued from Page* 3)

Great Canadian Shield was concerned with its mineral and forest wealth and its water-powers, which made excellent bond and stock issues for export to the United States; and Toronto was not a bit Sibelian.

His enlightenment occupies practically the whole of the book, and proceeds college by college, beginning with Victoria. Mr. Callaghan's insight is amazing. He has perceived, for example, that the basis of Victoria is "the old Methodist tradition" of the individual change of heart, and this tradition is so strong that it can accept even a change of heart in the reverse direction: "If a student's parents have been unyieldingly severe as Christians then the student finds himself wanting to reject all he's supposed to accept", but that change makes not the slightest difference in his feeling at home in Victoria.

University College, after Strachan lost his fight to make it exclusively Anglican and went off to found Trinity, "had become the godless

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

college. And the godless, of course, are always at a disadvantage, because the more God-fearing feel entitled to raid and move in on them." Hence U.C. has no equipment for "the greatest laboratory of them all", the laboratory that turns out human beings—a college residence. (I am myself a U.C. man, but U.C. had a residence in my day, in the west wing of what was then incomparably the most beautiful building on the campus, and my recollection is that we regarded ourselves as infinitely superior to all the other colleges for the simple reason that U.C. got along without worrying God for any sectarian privileges.)

The one college that Tyndall never gets even a smell of is Knox, which is as it should be since Knox is on the campus but not of it, and even its architectural arrangement creates the impression of wanting to look the other way, as if fearing that it might be dragged into Church Union against its will. In the end, and after some interesting experiences in the Institute of Mediaeval Studies with Gilson and Maritain, Tyndall comes to the conclusion that the soul of a university is provided by its great men, in the true sense of greatness and without regard to whether they are physically present or merely a persisting influence; that there are quite enough great men in the past and present of this great Canadian university to make a very good soul; and that it would be a better soul if the university of today, and the community and nation that it serves, had a more realizing sense of how truly great they were. He makes a little speech about it at Hart House before he goes to the second world war. It is the greatness of the person that makes the greatness of the institution. "What I had been missing around here was all emphasis on the person, the greatness of the person. Anonymous men become impersonal men . . . I can't see how the anonymous impersonal man can give a tone to anything. I don't see how he can teach men to live."

Mr. Callaghan thinks that the first business of a university is to teach men to live. He may be right.

• •

ERIC ALDWINCKLE

The Society of British Aircraft Constructors is displaying 70 types of British aircraft at Farnborough, Hants. This Vickers-Armstrong Seagull, an amphibian aircraft fitted with a pivoting wing which can be tilted to alter its angle, is powered by a Rolls-Royce "Griffon" driving powerful contrarotating airscrews.

The year was 1830...

. . . a weakened Europe licked her wounds after the Napoleonic Wars. Battle-weary eyes turned to a new land . . . and in this one year—1830—over 28,000 immigrants arrived in Canada.

Alone in a strange and sparsely-settled land, they set their strength, their youth, their courage to the task of building a new life for themselves . . . and for their children.

How well they succeeded is shown by Canada today . . . once more the New Land to which we welcome immigrants from overseas. May these "new Canadians" carry on the tradition . . . eagerly seeking the duties of citizenship with its right to the free, unhampered exercise of the franchise.

When YOU cast your vote at every election—municipal, provincial, federal—you are exercising a duty and privilege planned, worked and fought for by your forefathers. Your vote protects the future of your children. To fail in this duty is to be less than a good citizen.

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Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground.

THE BOOKSHELF

Iceland Enters Western Orbit But Has Charms Of Its Own

By J. E. PARSONS

ICELAND, NEW WORLD OUTPOST—by Agnes Rothery — *Macmillan — $4.50.*

IT IS to be hoped that those of us (and our name is legion) whose knowledge of Iceland is based solely upon "Independent People" by Halldor Laxness and/or "The Good Shepherd" by Gunnar Gunnarson will do that country the honor of reading what Agnes Rothery has to say on the subject. We suppose that the hallmark of merit of any book of travel depends on whether or not the author makes you feel that you want to visit the country or countries described. If our supposition is true, then "Iceland, New World Outpost" is a very good piece of work, though our judgment might just conceivably have been colored by the fact that we read the book during a late August record-breaking heat wave, when we would gladly have travelled anywhere that a breeze might be felt. But now that the weather is cool, and we have time and inclination for "emotion recollected in tranquillity", we find that we have not changed our opinion, and that her book would make excellent reading under any climatic conditions.

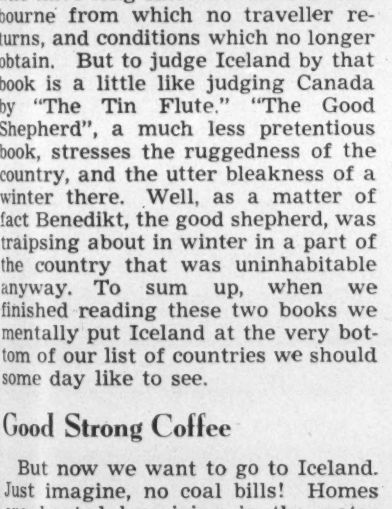
The Iceland of "Independent People" is a land dour, grim and inexorable, inhabited by individuals who are in turn weak, stupid, and just plain boorish. We are apt to forget that Laxness was describing people who have long since travelled to that bourne from which no traveller returns, and conditions which no longer obtain. But to judge Iceland by that book is a little like judging Canada by "The Tin Flute." "The Good Shepherd", a much less pretentious book, stresses the ruggedness of the country, and the utter bleakness of a winter there. Well, as a matter of fact Benedikt, the good shepherd, was traipsing about in winter in a part of the country that was uninhabitable anyway. To sum up, when we finished reading these two books we mentally put Iceland at the very bottom of our list of countries we should some day like to see.

Good Strong Coffee

But now we want to go to Iceland. Just imagine, no coal bills! Homes are heated by piping in the water from the inexhaustible hot springs. The harbors never freeze, due to the Gulf Stream. There are no snakes. The most common cause of death is old age. Icelanders keep their radios turned down low. There are no railroads. Wherever you go, even if the locality seems to be uninhabited, there is always coffee, good, strong coffee, within a few steps. Icelandic children don't cry and are practically never punished. The water of Iceland is the purest in the world. Their radio programs contain an absolute minimum of boogie-woogie and slapstick comedy. We wonder if we could perhaps pack in a hurry and just make the next jet plane.

Agnes Rothery does considerably more than point out a few attractive facts about Iceland. She traces its history briefly, suggests ways in which its dangerous one-crop economy might be augmented, and throughout her book stresses the importance of Iceland's distinguished and ancient literary background. Her splendid treatment of the subject is just what we want in travel books. She is a sensitive artist who has lived among Icelanders and loved them.

But it is the air age and Iceland's modern airport which has brought the country within the orbit of the Western world. One good thing, perhaps, which came out of World War II.



AGNES ROTHERY

New World Centre

By HARRY BOYLE

TO THE ARCTIC—by Jeannette Mirsky —*Ryerson—$5.50.*

AN expedition to the Arctic left this summer. The personnel have with them planes, radio equipment, special food and everything that modern science has perfected for such a junket. If disaster in any way lashes out, radio will be the link that can bring aircraft to the rescue with a minimum of time wasted.

What a contrast there is between that Canadian expedition and the ones listed in "To The Arctic"! It's a book for everyone with an interest in the region. Vilhjamur Stefansson aptly describes it as "both fascinating to read and the best history of northern exploration so far written."

There used to be a custom that sailors who had sailed round Cape Horn had the right to put one foot on the table after dinner, while those who had crossed the Arctic Circle could put both feet on the table. This book is the stories of the men with both feet on the table, and it's told without nationalistic bias, for the most part in the words of the explorers themselves and in a chronological pattern that gives the reader a sense of sharing in the adventurous goal that drove men on through hardship of every possible description in efforts to fathom the secrets of the frozen north.

Originally published under another title in 1934, the book had to be withdrawn because it became involved in the possibility of a libel-action suit by the late Dr. Frederick Cook, labelled by some Arctic writers as an impostor.

In 1934 when the original was published, few people except those with a burning interest in the Arctic paid any attention to it. Now, that has been changed. Take any globe and look down at it with the North Pole as the centre of your attraction. Then, you will realize the truth of the new statement, "The Arctic has become of the centre of the world, geographically and politically."

Reading it you will be seized with the adventurous story that dates from the time when the Greeks first named the Arctic Circle, down through the annals of the whale oil rush to Spitsbergen, the search for the Northwest Passage, Stefansson's success in living as the natives did, right up to the story of how Sir Hubert Wilkins attempted to cross the Arctic Sea by submarine.

Middle Ground

By YORK REED

THE MEDITERRANEAN — by Andre Siegfried—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.*

ANDRE SIEGFRIED'S set-piece on the geography, problems, and function of the Mediterranean is a useful dissertation. It suffers from what, one suspects, is a too literal translation. The English seems rather awkward; what would seem precise or personal in French becomes somewhat punctilious or embarrassing in this English translation.

Notwithstanding this, M. Siegfried's great wit and even greater knowledge, is everywhere evident. His method, a tried and true one, is to get to know the ground before being philosophical about it. And he is much more concerned with the Mediterranean ground—those parts of Asia, Africa and Europe that surround the Sea—than he is with the body of water itself. His discussion of geography will perhaps be old stuff to the geographers, but there aren't many of them in Canada anyway; laymen who have an eye for country and support the various national geographic societies will enjoy the first part of this book very much.

The last chapter, "The Mediterranean's Place in the World" is a summing-up of the book's eclectic view, and perhaps the best part of the volume.

Past and Present

RECORDING BRITAIN: Vol. III—edited by Arnold Palmer—*Oxford—Four volumes, $32.00.*

THE history of this important project of the Oxford University Press in association with the Pilgrim Trust has been set out on the occasion of the appearance of the previous two volumes. (S.N., Jan. 11, and Nov. 1, '47.) The completed record of 1,549 works of leading British artists now hangs in the Victoria and Albert Museum and is made available to the wider public through these handsome volumes, each of which contains 8 plates in full color and 96 duotones. Both the selection committee and the artists themselves represent the front rank of British talent and the erudite and entertaining historical notes by Arnold Palmer round out a magnificent piece of work.

Volume III naturally is completely up to the standard of its predecessors; this time the territory covered is Lancashire and Westmoreland, Derbyshire, Cheshire and Shropshire, Staffordshire, Welsh counties, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire. It may be repeated that this record of natural and architectural beauty, originally designed as a precaution against the ravages of war, has more than justified the skill and devotion of its originators.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

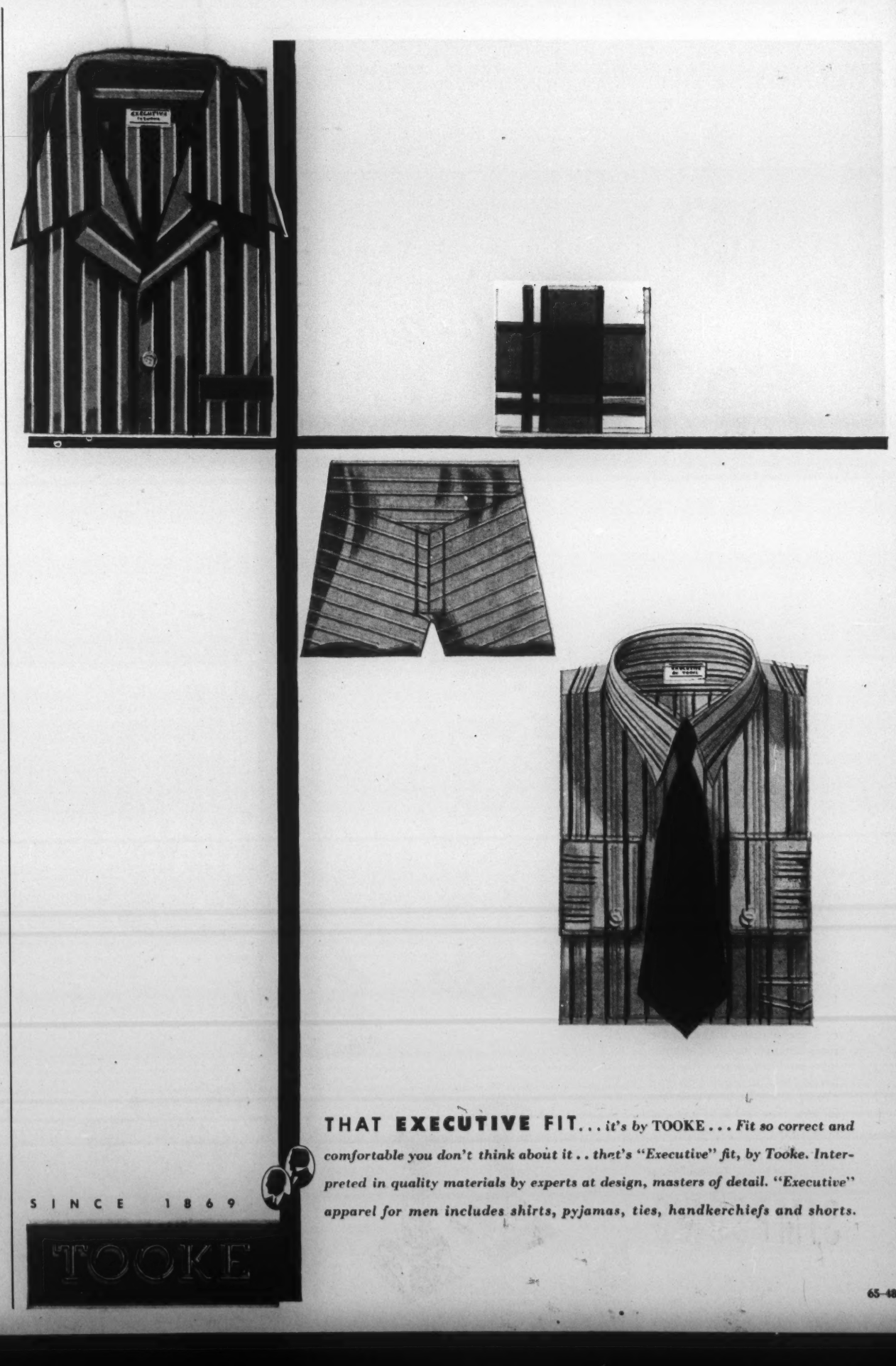
Boredom Distilled

By JOHN PAUL

TWO PER CENT FEAR—by John D. Burgan—*Clarke, Irwin—$3.00.*

FROM afar off war seems to have a pattern and what goes on any place appears to fit nicely into that gigantic, awful pattern. But for any one within the jigsaw and up close to its pieces, war is a deadly simple mathematical equation—2 per cent fear and 98 per cent boredom. John Burgan describes the long tour of duty of a young U.S. Navy officer on stevedore duty in the South Pacific, along with his officer and enlisted men friends, through both parts of the equation.

Paradoxically the 98 per cent is done better than the exhilarating 2 per cent (a successful, hard-fought beach landing on a Jap held island). We thought Ralph Allen did a better job in the D-day chapter of his "Home Made Banners". But Burgan handles the long quiet of the service life cycle until it becomes a bitter distillation of nostalgia, frustration and despising of oneself and others. This unglamorous, soul-rotting side of war here gets a recounting with tight phrasing, sensitivity evidently born of first-hand experience, and a surprising amount of suspense.



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65-48

FILM AND THEATRE

How To Paint Oneself Into Corner Is Well Demonstrated In "Pitfall"

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"PITFALL" is about a beautiful model named Mona who has had a terribly tough break with men. To be sure she has received any amount of attention from men, as well as many handsome gifts, including a speed launch, a leopard-skin coat and assorted jewellery. In spite of this Mona retains her sense of grievance, which, together with a hoarse taunting voice, is among her chief fascinations. (This makes it a natural role for Lizabeth Scott, who has become the screen's principal exponent of the Laryngitis School of Acting.)

Presently one of Mona's admirers overreaches himself in trying to provide pretty things for Mona, and is sent down for a term. This brings into the picture a detective named Mac (Raymond Burr), and Johnny, an insurance claims adjuster (Dick Powell). As things shortly line up, Mac loves Mona, Mona loves Johnny, and Johnny loves his wife Sue (Jane Wyatt)—though not quite enough to stay away from beautiful pitfalls. Nobody, however, loves Mac the detective, whose pet name round the office is Gruesome. This setup naturally leads to trouble and before things quiet down, Mona's first admirer is shot, Mac is hospitalized with a good chance of joining his rival in the morgue, Mona is under arrest and Johnny gets off with the prospect of spending the rest of his days with a wife who isn't likely to forget *her* sense of grievance in a hurry, or even in a lifetime.

The above brief outline should indicate what happens when a screen author and producer manage to paint themselves into a corner. The initial difficulty I imagine was in locating the character who should attract audience sympathy. Mona offered the first possibility. She was a beautiful girl and generous to a fault, and if she was bitter she had perhaps a right to be, since she got nothing for her generosity except speed launches, jewellery and leopard-skin coats. Besides Mona had scruples. She didn't run about with married men and when she found that Johnny was married she made an appointment to meet him and then hoarsely renounced him. Unfortunately she went right on telephoning him and making more appointments, and when at last it became obvious that Mona was chasing her reluctant claims adjuster bow-legged, she was finished as a sympathetic character.

Then there was Johnny, the claims-adjuster. He was a good executive and a devoted husband and father, and nearly all his troubles were of Mona's making. He might have been a sympathetic character if he hadn't mismanaged everything so badly that there was nothing to do but make an example of him, if only as a warning to movie-going husbands who might be in danger of stumbling into pitfalls themselves.

Finally, there was Sue, Johnny's wife. At the beginning, Sue seems to be the ideal wife, tender, tolerant and wise. The question then arises: Will Sue continue to be magnanimous once the Mona affair is brought to her attention? If she does, she will certainly emerge as the sympathetic character. On the other hand, if she condones Johnny's misbehavior, how is he to be punished, and what becomes of the sanctity of the home, as endorsed by the Johnston office? . . . It was at this point, I imagine, that somebody said, "Oh, the hell with it!" and brought the picture to a conclusion that jarred the audience back in its seat. Actually I can't imagine what else they could have done with it, and ever since seeing "Pitfall" the various problems which the director left hanging have been revolving in my head like one of those dreary recapitulations on the radio. Will Sue eventually forgive Johnny? Will Mac die, and Mona get life? If she recovers will she be sent to the Girls' Reformatory? And will she start right in telephoning Johnny again the minute she gets out?

The chief trouble with "Pitfall"—and indeed with most pictures—is that the behavior of the characters is determined by the preferences of the mass-audience, by the prejudices of the Johnston office, by the actors and actresses who play the roles, and in fact by practically anything except the private judgment of the author.

•

In pictures describing adolescence, the conventions are particularly rigid. The teen-agers are always over-precocious and over-indulged, and they never shrink from entering into and if possible taking over the affairs of the adults. They are invariably shrill extroverts and their school-life is brilliantly adapted to their temperament, since the high school curriculum consists exclusively of junior dramatics and elaborate commencement exercises. The adolescent girls are ruthless little egomaniacs who treat their teen-age admirers with bullying contempt. The teen-age boys are meek, hoarse, and endlessly ludicrous. Sex is their chief, and indeed their only interest. When they can keep their minds on it, however, they sometimes do a little band-leading.

The parents of these adolescents aren't much more mature mentally than their offspring. They lack the superb self-confidence of their children and this makes it possible for the children to supervise them indulgently and bully them when necessary. If the parents show any tendency to become preoccupied with their own affairs, they are brought pretty sharply into line. This makes for ideal family life, especially as everybody has heaps of money.

You've seen all this before and you'll see it all over again in "A Date with Judy." Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor and Scotty Beckett are the adolescents involved. Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda and Xavier Cugat figure among the grownups, all of them old enough to know better.

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Play Within Play

By JOHN YOCOM

IN AN EXPERIMENTAL mood the New Play Society opened a fifth series at the Museum Theatre last week with Maxwell Anderson's Broadway hit of last year, "Joan of Lorraine." And director Dora Mavor Moore and her large cast saw to it that the experiment succeeded. A play within a play, this one contains a final run-through of a Joan of Arc show, with skeleton properties and costumes, and an enveloping drama of the director, star and other members of the cast in a theatre on a shaky lease, debating the interpretations of roles, especially that of Joan, and more general ethical matters.

Mona O'Hearn, radio and stage actress, stepped deftly at curtain breaks from the mood of her Joan role into that of the conscientious actress arguing play meanings with the manager, Lorne Greene. The latter, except for skilful pinch-hitting as the Inquisitor near the end, was confined to the wider drama. Mr. Greene's forthrightness, gusto and well-known delivery helped pace the show in the interludes and furnished the most effective contrasts with what had gone on inside the Joan sequences. Sometimes he would jump out of an audience seat, booming a direction, and leap on to the stage. However, his exuberance and heartiness in utterance and gesture might have been slowed down for a more reflective attitude in spots.

Miss O'Hearn, on the other hand, without stint managed her interpretations of the two roles over an elaborate range of feeling with telling portrayal. One unfortunate bit of deglamorizing was the baggy union-suit-like "armor" Joan wore as the inspired and inspiring leader of the French armies; one detracting bit of production was the offstage celestial "voices" which, we bet, would never have won a real Joan from the farm.

Within the Maid of Orleans drama, the N.P.S.'s ample talent resources were apparent in the secondary roles. Of these, we liked especially Peter Sturgess as a chipper, shrewd little Dauphin.

University Graduate, ex-naval officer, personable appearance seeks position with reputable organization offering opportunity for initiative and responsibility. All replies confidential. Box 112, Saturday Night, Toronto.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

She Shall Have Music . . The sequin embroidered bodice features the new widely rounded neckline as a background for a jewelled necklet, and sleeves that are below-elbow length. Wide-flung skirt of French Chantilly lace is ankle-length. This is one of a group of dresses selected by the Women's Committee of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to be presented at the Committee's "Overture to Fashion", which will take place in Eaton Auditorium September 28 to October 2.

BERNICE COFFEY, *Editor*

CONSUMER GROUP

Voice of the Buying Public Is Heard

By LILLIAN D. MILLAR

IT was breaking new ground when in March Mrs. R. J. Marshall and Mrs. F. E. Wright, president and corresponding secretary of the Canadian Association of Consumers, were called to Ottawa to present a brief on behalf of thousands of housewives across Canada to the Commons Special Committee on Prices. One of the chief aims of the new C.A.C.—to be a link between consumers and government—was achieved when these two housewives sat around a conference table with a parliamentary committee to discuss the problems and many of the needs of the home and the family, and to offer advice as to how these problems might be relieved.

Although the Canadian Association of Consumers came into being only last fall, already on a number of occasions it has presented the views of consumers and has gained the sympathetic ear of the government.

A few days after its inaugural dinner in Ottawa, a brief was presented asking that the federal parliament give the subject of high prices precedence for discussion. It is interesting to note that prices have been a main topic during the past session. In November when import restrictions were announced, the C.A.C. sought and obtained the assurance of the federal government that an adequate supply of citrus fruits would be available. In December when butter prices soared, they recommended that price be controlled during the winter months. A ceiling was placed on butter which, though higher than the C.A.C. would have liked, at least was a firm price below the uncontrolled price.

Cabbages And Clothing

When the prices of cabbages and carrots rose to fantastic heights, the C.A.C. asked that the import embargo be lifted temporarily until native grown vegetables were available. Soon we were able to buy new cabbages at a fraction of the price they had been before. The embargo on carrots was lifted some time later and fresh carrots could be bought at a reasonable price.

In January the C.A.C. asked for a conference of all parties concerned—agriculture, labor, trade, industry, consumers and government—to investigate prices and to take joint action. Although the C.A.C. does not take the credit, the Commons Committee on Prices was set up not long after.

In February a brief was presented to the Minister of Finance requesting the lifting of the sales tax on food and clothing. In Mr. Abbott's May budget this tax was removed from canned, packaged and prepared foods and now practically all food items are exempt from sales tax.

An important part of the work of the C.A.C. has been in connection with standards. During the war, because deterioration of the quality of an article constitutes a hidden price increase, the Standards Division of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board was established. When price controls were lifted and the Standards Division was closed, immediately a clamor arose from women across Canada to have this type of work continued. As a consequence the Standards Division of the Department of Trade and Commerce was expanded to do the job. The C.A.C. is acting as liaison between consumers and this government department. For instance, with all the new products now on the market, when she buys material or a garment, the purchaser wants to know if it is color fast, if it will shrink, if it is washable, how it should be ironed. At the request of the C.A.C. the Standards Division are now drafting regulations as to how textiles should be labelled to give this type of information.

For Sizing Standards

The C.A.C. has recommended also that research be done by this Department as to the quality of shoes now being sold, especially children's shoes. It suggests too that manufacturers should be required to give better sizing of clothing, such as women's dresses, slips, panties, also men's collars and all hosiery, and that children's clothes be marked by size instead of age. The Standards Division has been approached also respecting a code relating to mattresses and upholstered material.

The C.A.C. has become in addition a channel of information between consumers and provincial governments. When the price of milk was increased in most provinces and a drop in milk consumption was noted, concern was felt that nutritional needs would not be met. The C.A.C. in Alberta, in Manitoba and in Ontario investigated the situation and made recommendations. Since control of the price of milk is under the jurisdiction of the provinces, in these instances it was to provincial governments that briefs were presented. However, although the price of milk is controlled by the provinces, the National C.A.C. also brought the matter of milk prices before the Commons Committee on Prices asking that it explore every means to find a way to get lower-priced milk. They suggested that the Committee ascertain the cost of service to the consumer, such as deliveries, bottling, etc., and that it investigate as to whether a subsidy on coarse grains would help to keep down the price.

In its role as liaison, the C.A.C. has acted to bring the views of consumers to trade and industry and to establish better understanding between the two groups. For example, when complaints poured in that belts of many women's dresses are lined with materials which cannot be washed or dry cleaned, the C.A.C. got in touch with the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and pointed out how this practice materially reduces the usefulness of the garment and therefore adds to clothing costs. This Association passed the criticism on to all their members in the garment trade and got their assurance that henceforth belt linings would be of suitable material.

Complaints were received as to the quality of machine cotton and also that the cost was increased because large spools of thread were not available. "Why," asked one housewife in Regina, "should I have to pay 15 cents for a 200-yard spool of white machine cotton when I prefer the 650-yard spool for 29 cents?" The manufacturer explained to the C.A.C. that while they were producing more large spools than ever, they still could not meet the demand, especially in the west where many women use cotton flour bags to make bed sheets. As to quality, they stated that while they had not been able to obtain certain materials during the war, the quality of thread is now at the pre-war standard.

In answer to dissatisfaction expressed with regard to quality of shoes, shoe manufacturers have arranged a demonstration of the manufacturing processes of shoes which they will show to women's groups. They will be glad also to discuss with them the problems of both the consumer and manufacturer.

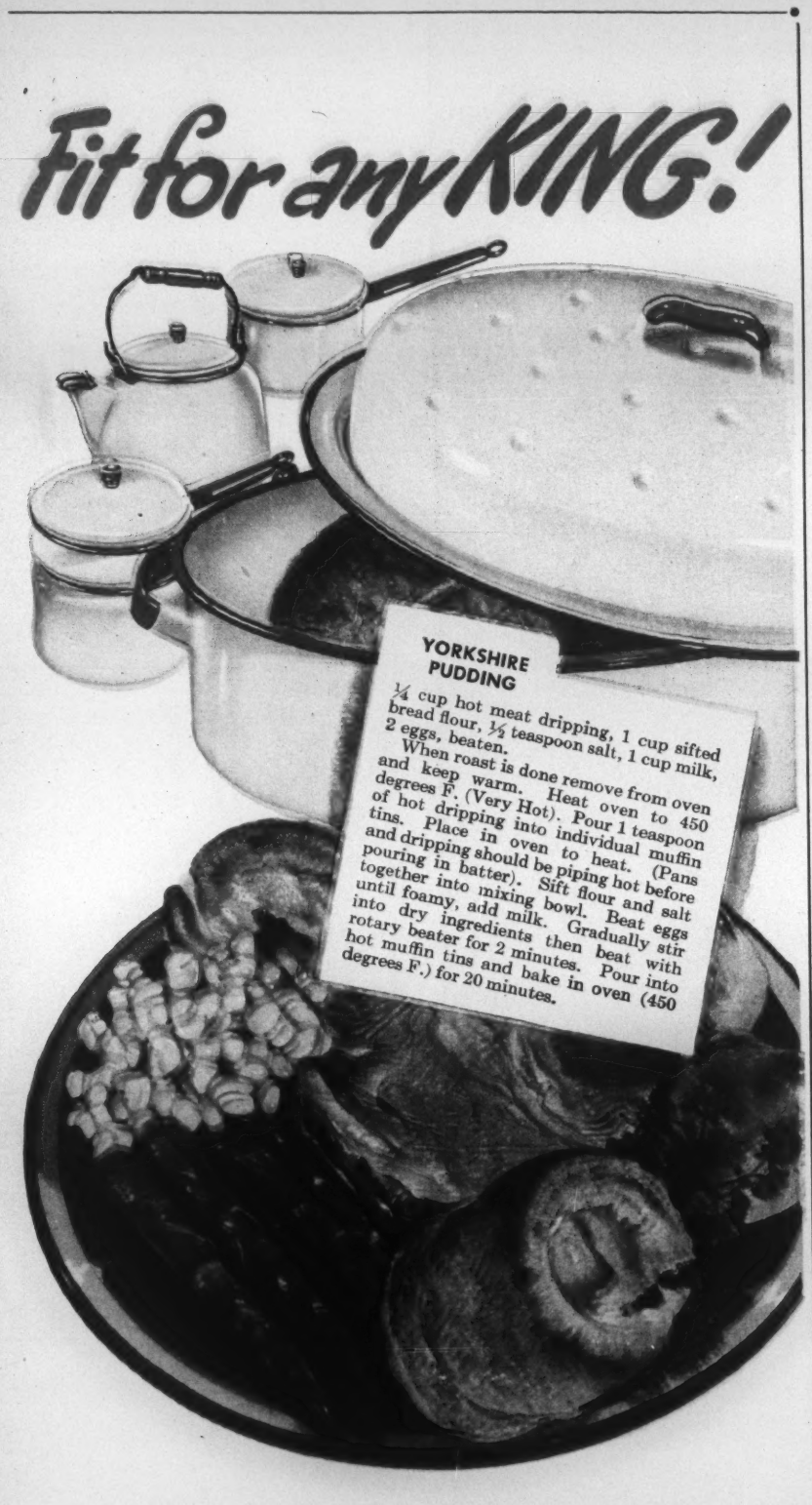
The work of the C.A.C. tends to create better understandindg between the various groups of consumers. When food prices were being discussed by the National Executive of the C.A.C. the representatives of farm groups pointed out how much farm costs had risen and why the farmer had to get more for his products. The labor representatives showed how prices of things the person on salary and the wage earner has to buy had gone up more than salary or wage rates.

Of course the needs of both these groups had to be considered and the recommendations made had to be a compromise between the two. When the price of milk in Ontario jumped, at a C.A.C. meeting farmers' wives, wives of the middlemen and wives of the drivers who deliver the milk met with representative consumers to talk things over and to discuss what could be done. Because every side of the picture was presented, everyone left the meeting with a new understanding of the other's viewpoint and problems.

The fame of the C.A.C. is spreading abroad. When Miss Elizabeth Long, director of women's programs of the CB.C., was in Switzerland recently, she received an invitation from the National Council of Women of France to go to Paris to tell them about the work of the new Canadian Association of Consumers.

Only Beginning

What the C.A.C. has accomplished is only the beginning of what it can do if it can enlist not only the interest but the support of a large group of Canadian consumers. To protect their interests properly, of course, the C.A.C. must have money. In addition to its headquarters it needs provincial and local branches. It needs field secretaries to keep in close touch with consumer problems in all localities. It needs its own research workers and it should be able to afford the services of experts in every field to give advice and to act on behalf of consumers. The only source of income is the membership fee of 50 cents a year. For one cent a week any consumer can become a member of an association that is committed to study her problems and her needs, to protect her interests and to work to provide a higher standard of living for her family.


Fit for any KING!
YORKSHIRE PUDDING
¼ cup hot meat dripping, 1 cup sifted bread flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, beaten.
When roast is done remove from oven and keep warm. Heat oven to 450 degrees F. (Very Hot). Pour 1 teaspoon of hot dripping into individual muffin tins. Place in oven to heat. (Pans and dripping should be piping hot before pouring in batter). Sift flour and salt together into mixing bowl. Beat eggs until foamy, add milk. Gradually stir into dry ingredients then beat with rotary beater for 2 minutes. Pour into hot muffin tins and bake in oven (450 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

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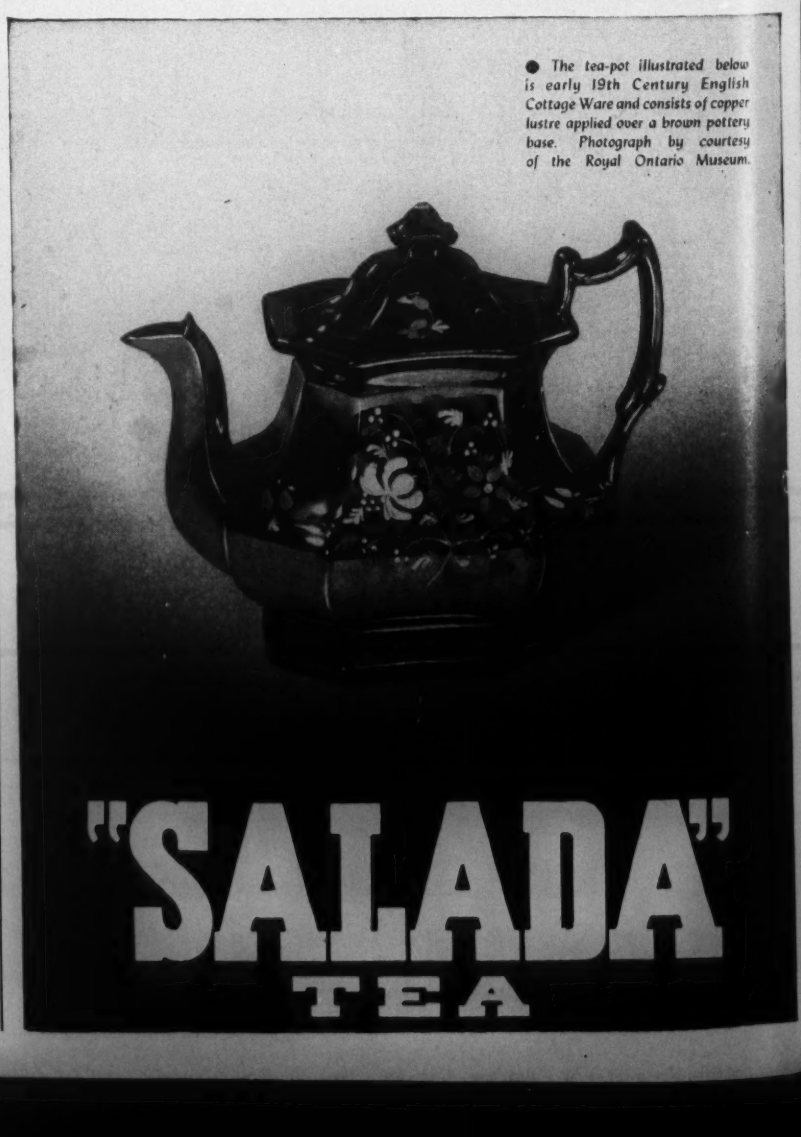
The tea-pot illustrated below is early 19th Century English Cottage Ware and consists of copper lustre applied over a brown pottery base. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum.



MAIL-ORDER ROMANCE

Object: Matrimony!

By EILEEN MORRIS

HAS Cupid passed you by? Are you searching for Love, Happiness and Wedded Bliss?

You aren't alone, friend!

Each month in our smaller weeklies some four hundred men and women looking for a soul-mate advertise their charms and chattels in the Lonely Hearts columns.

Every type of person is to be found there, from the Montreal miss who claims that while a career is OK, she can't run her fingers through it's hair, to practical business men who insert such advertisements as the following:

"Interested in marrying girl or widow 25 to 40 with business college degree and some capital. I am 40, do not indulge in wild living, do not spend money foolishly. Want to meet smart girl to start business of my own."

According to the ads, all cherish High Ideals and a deep interest in the Finer Things. One or two luckless tosspots mumble something about taking a social cocktail, but the only reply they can hope for is a pamphlet from the W.C.T.U.

And if you've been hugging the notion that Canadians are stiff as starch and dull as a hoe, read over one of these Lovelorn columns. What it will do to your blood pressure will keep your doctor's daughter at college for another term, for when the love-hungry compose their siren songs of romance, they make other word slingers sound as exciting as Uncle Wiggily.

Fervent Prose

I dip in for a few samples:

"Sincere, intelligent young girl past 40 tired of carrying the torch would welcome any or all suggestions for a better way of life."

"Attractive introvert of 19 with big, warm heart full of love seeks dates, romance with mature intellectual gentleman with car. Will answer all sincere letters promptly."

Pop your contact lens back in place, for there's more to come! Rich prose awaits the gal who is lone, but determined not to be lorn:

"Bachelor, 28, wants to meet motherly, capable, altruistic girl seeking simple life, meditation, solitude, books, matrimony."

"Single, middle aged rancher near Calgary seeking love of covered-wagon type girl. Must be cheap-diet enthusiast, nature lover. Exchange snaps."

Do these ads bring the desired results? "Yes!" said one small town manufacturer. "My wife died just after we moved here seven years ago. There was little opportunity to meet people socially, and I found it pretty lonely. Last winter I inserted an advertisement in the Friendship column of the local paper. Got six answers, too. Margaret's sounded best, though, and we took to corresponding. She was a nurse in a Hamilton convalescent home. I went there to meet her, and we found we liked one another right off. Two months later we married. We've found real companionship together."

Such solid unions do occur, but not every ad ends in a flutter of wings and a wham of arrows. Young men in their early flirties may be merely widow shopping, and plenty of fems are out to marry a lad for his gold. Like Destitute Bachelor, who "desires marriage with beautiful girl all dolled up in stocks and bonds", most are looking for a Rockefeller, and it's a rare advertisement that doesn't demand a snapshot of your bank book!

More than a dozen Canadian matrimonial clubs also stand ready to leap into the social breach. Appeals to loneliness are the basis of their ads, of which these are typical:

"Are you lonely? Many persons would be interested in you. We have members in every province across Canada of both sexes. Some wealthy and others with means. Send for our free sealed particulars today. J. A. Sinnot, Calgary, Alta."

"Find a sweetheart, marriage partner, all ages. Many with means. Pacific Friendship Society, Vancouver."

"Are you lonely? Send 25 cents for big sweetheart magazine, descriptions and pictures, lonely men and women seeking marriage. Madame Madonna, Regina."

Matrimonial clearing houses charge as little as a quarter for a short list of prospective sweethearts, or as much as $5 in annual dues. Members in good standing receive a plain envelope containing testimonials, a list of names and addresses of those with whom they may correspond, and a mimeographed letter that usually begins, "Dear Lonely Friend".

Subscribers, in turn, send in descriptions of themselves—and what descriptions! Spurred by vanity and loneliness, they picture themselves as the type of lover you only get from a loge seat.

The matrimonial agent shoulders no responsibility, and does not investigate claims. So "Plump redhead on rebound seeking somebody new to love and marry" may have a face that would stop the town hall clock, and "Refined Bachelor, strictly one-woman man with princely income" may live over a fish shop on an old age pension.

Are these ads and correspondence clubs used by petty crooks? "No complaints of fraud or extortion," reports S. C. Bowen of the Toronto Better Business Bureau, and Inspector A. Lee of the Morality Bureau told me, "Employment ads through which women job seekers are improperly approached are our big headache. We've never supervised these clubs or Friendship pages, because there's been no cause to."

Rackets do exist, however. "If people are stung, they are often too embarrassed to report the matter," one authority explained. Usually the amount of money lost is not great, and they prefer to forget the whole thing rather than admit they are mixed up in such an affair."

What Freud or Emily Post would think of these goings on is hard to say, but social workers would like to see such advertisements disappear from the public prints. A government agency should take on the job of giving Cupid a helping hand, they claim, for with 1,300,000 unmarried women, 1,700,000 bachelors, as well as 350,000 widows and 170,000 widowers in the Dominion today, such a set-up is an urgent need.

TRENDS

Fashion Shows Review

By BERNICE COFFEY

ACCORDING to accepted custom, September is the month when the newly minted fall and winter clothes are brought forth amid scenes of ceremonial fanfare for the judgment of those who will wear them, and the voice of the fashion commentator is heard throughout the land.

This fall's fashion show audiences were not startled by the sensational or fantastic. They saw instead enrichment and logical development that has brought the trends of immediate past seasons to their full flowering in clothes that are serene and beautiful to look at and to wear. There seems to be about a fifty-fifty division of thought concerning the prevailing silhouette. One group of designers goes all out for the lavishly full silhouette with countless yards round the hem. Another plumps for sylphlike lines. But all are in agreement that the swept-back skirt is this season's high point of architectural interest, and it follows that among the parts that make up the whole there is something for every woman.

Themed to tell the story of the "well-born" manner which characterizes the fall clothes, the Robert Simpson Company billed their show in the Arcadian Court as "Return to Elegance", and proceeded to make their point in a remarkably comprehensive collection of 1948-49's most wearable fashions.

Cavalier collars, sloping shoulders, sumptuous fabrics and fur trimmings hall-marked both suits and coats. Ben Reig, the American designer, embodies most of these in a green and black tweed suit with a high collar, straight skirt with a nicely disciplined burst of fullness at the back which becomes part of more fullness at the back of the jacket.

Elegance of a high order distinguishes Trigere's beautifully conceived daytime ensemble of grey wool and black lamb. This has a fitted tunic coat with a small high collar of the lamb, worn over a stem-lined dress with a deep border of lamb around its hem. Since the coat is just long enough to reach the top of the fur border, it seems to become part of the coat.

Small and neat sums up both this year's hair-cuts and the hats worn on them. Down the runway—Sally Victor's pink plush bonnet trimmed with tiny jet black ostrich plumes strategically placed to curl under coyly at the nape of the neck . . . A bonnet of sheer black lace with a "bustle" at the back . . . Laddie Northridge's wide brimmed hat of fantasy blue felt, the top side of the brim overlaid with flat pheasant feathers . . .

Satin And Laces

Little waists over full skirts, heavily bodied and beautiful fabrics —this is a portmanteau description of the "5 P.M. and On" dresses. Fine tracery of scalloped black Chantilly lace veils stiff grey satin in a late afternoon dress with very full skirt edged with a deep pleated flounce. Nettie Rosenstein, who invariably manages to inject an indefinable air of lady-like wickedness into anything she designs, does it again in a deceptively demure dress with bouffant skirt of heavy black satin, a bodice and long sleeves of black lace over flesh-colored ninon, and a surprising pointed yoke and high collar of the black satin.

Noteworthy in any company of evening dresses is Hardy Amies' strapless evening gown of Nottingham black lace superimposed over layers of champagne lace and net, the black lace parted at the back to show a three-tiered panel of the champagne net. From Balmain came more net—this time in a black dress with strapless black velvet top and floating black net skirt with a bold white scroll design done in narrow white braid. Trigere departs from the prevailing full-skirted evening silhouette with an ultra-sophisticated straight-lined evening ensemble composed of a full-length coat of cinnamon brown velvet with a small upstanding collar and held to with pearl buttons down the front. This is worn over a cinnamon lace dress which departs from its lithe straight lines by only a suggestion of the peg-top in the skirt.

Noted: Brief fur boleros . . . large and handsome leather travel bags from Czechoslovakia carried by several of the mannequins . . . small fur muffs . . . Little Red Riding-Hood cloaks of red velveteen worn by a child model over a long party dress . . . . pearl chokers . . . the mannequins' short, softly curled coiffures and their make-up in Elizabeth Arden's new Crimson Lilac . . . the tiny lipsticks in this new shade presented to everyone on arrival.

Hard-bitten sophistication has gone into the discard, and the T. Eaton Company emphasized this fact by titling their handsomely mounted show "19th Century Romance in 1948 Fashions." It is obvious from this well-rounded collection which in the main is composed of British and French originals, that designers have been avidly leafing through the family album in a united determination to bring about a return of the full-blown and finely disciplined elegance of an age remembered only by oldsters.

Here again are the subtle, understated colors of an era when only widows wore black — prune brown, taupe, deep dark green, grey, raisin, some winter navy, wedded to heavy-bodied stand-alone fabrics such as angelskin, duveteen, velour, velvet, damask, iridescent taffeta, slipper satin, brocade — together with trimming of braid and jet and, yes, bronze and gunmetal shoes.

One of the first French models to be paraded the length of the Eaton Auditorium runway was Jacque Fath's highly interesting swing-back coat of mauve velour, at which you must look sharply to decide whether the lady is coming or going for it has a buttoned opening all the way down the back similar to that of the front. The current preoccupation with the backward look was also evident in a black fitted coat (Balmain) having buttoned over flaps at the back. Coats are about evenly divided in their allegiance to the full back and the fitted line. Maggy Rouff chose the swing back for a beryl gray coat with a lining of brown suede.

Either by choice or design the French milliners have followed closely the theme set by the clothes, and we find hats are tied closely to the same period influences. Victorian and Directoire bonnets make much of velvet, jet and steel beading. There are flower pot cloches, demi-turbans tautly draped in the manner of those seen a Persian paintings. A particularly beautiful example of the hat to be worn with evening dress is a pill-box of seashell white velvet and black pet beading with a curving black osprey.

Magnificent fabrics such as are to be seen in Romney and Sargent's portraits of lovely women, bring splendor to the evening hours. A dark green taffeta dress with full skirt and a tight-fitting "Little Women" jacket is trimmed with black braid and lace. Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, was represented by a black dotted net dress with a low-slung polonaise drape edged with a wide ruffle of knife pleated net and drawn up into a bustle at the back. Griffe (a new French house which has come into prominence this season) was applauded for a romantic full-skirted confection of copper lace.

Make-up of the mannequins was Helena Rubinstein's "Four Cast," and everyone in the audience received a little golden card with a vial attached of H.R.'s Command Performance perfume. The first day preview of the Eaton fashion show was sponsored by the Women's Committee of the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Winged Line

A carefully edited group of French and British originals was viewed at Holt-Renfrew, where it was pointed out that this season's clothes, complicated in cut and replete in hooks and eyes and other fastenings, require more time for getting into and, perhaps, some assistance. Especially to this column's liking were the examples of Dior's "winged" line achieved, among other ways, by means of highly-placed stiffly rippled little capes set in high over the shoulders and deep folded-over pleats among the folds of the very full skirts. The winged line has almost the quality of flight.

Members of the women's committee of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra who are staging "Overture to Fashion '48" will act as commentators instead of having a professional do the job. But there won't be anything amateurish about it. They are being trained by Lorna Sheard, a fellow member, and they will look lovely and talk like Eleanor Duse. Ten thousand women can see the show, which runs from September 28-October 2. Tickets are obtainable through Mrs. H. Thomson Leslie, Mo. 4922, or Mrs. S. W. Harris, Ll. 9067.

This beautiful hand carved card table, available in either solid mahogany or walnut, is another example of our excellent craftsmanship. Its graceful design makes it a pleasing and useful wall table for living room or hallway.

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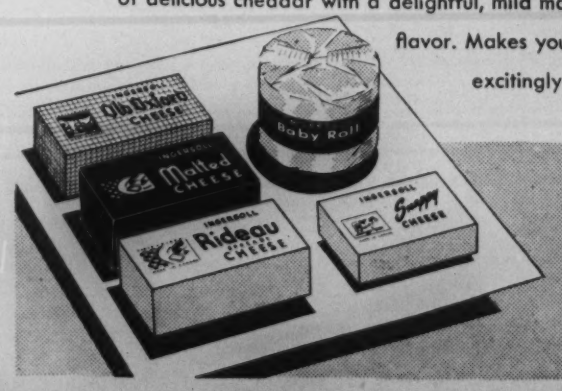

INGERSOLL
a cheese for every taste

CONCERNING FOOD

Cinderella Treatment

By MARJORIE THOMPSON FLINT

THERE are three possible ways of approaching the problem of leftovers: (1) Eat them up (2) Throw them out (3) Save them until they are useless and then throw them out (this is considered cowardly). If you think the situation through you find that the logical conclusion is number one (eat them up). If you have to resort to number two then you had better deduct 25 marks for poor conduct and add several tins from your food shelf to the parcels you're sending overseas.

Now nobody really wants leftovers but they are just as inevitable as death and taxes so the best thing to do is to face them in the morning when you are planning your menus so that after you've made up your mind as to their fate you can look them squarely in the eye every time you open your refrigerator door.

Being a smart manager it should take you a long time to gather any volume of "stock" so the best thing to do is to combine it with tinned condensed soups, season to taste, garnish with chopped parsley and serve with pride. You can even attach a name to your creation, for example, you could have Pepper Pot à la Jones (1 tin pepper pot soup added) or Bouillabaisse à la MacGregor (flaked leftover fish plus 1 tin clam chowder).

Soups can easily take care of most small amounts of leftover vegetables but larger quantities have to be dealt with on an individual basis. A macedoine can be a combination of two or three vegetables with a natural kinship such as peas, carrots, celery, beans, etc.; mashed vegetables such as turnips and potatoes can combine to make cakes for frying; many cooked vegetables can be marinated in French dressing and used for salads. At this point we would like to submit a recipe for corn fritters—you can make two servings of corn into four by adding a few ingredients.

Corn Fritters

- 1-1¼ cups cooked corn cut off the cob or canned corn well drained
- ½ cup flour
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 egg well beaten
- ¼ cup milk

Mash corn slightly with a fork. Add flour mixed with baking powder and seasonings. Add beaten egg and milk and combine thoroughly. Drop from a spoon onto a hot buttered griddle or frying pan and brown on each side. Do not stack, since this makes them steamy. Yield: 8 fritters.

Serve these fritters with a succulent veal stew or with mushroom sauce (1 tin mushroom soup plus ½ cup cream) and broiled back bacon.

No self-respecting cook book ever misses the opportunity to give helpful hints for the uses of leftovers in general and meats in particular, and of course this brings us around to hash. Hash has never had a particularly romantic aura attached to it, probably because of its name. There are two very definite schools of thought on hash—those who like it and those who don't and there is no hope for conversion in either encampment. Frankly, we belong to the hash group and for years we have always haunted the rib roast of beef from the day it is served hot with Yorkshire pudding, through the cold stage with salad, to the day we can make hash of it—you have to keep a sharp lookout in case somebody slices off too much for sandwiches. Here are the general instructions for—

Roast Beef Hash

Grasp the remains of the roast of beef firmly in one hand and knife in the other and set to work dicing the meat (don't put it through the food chopper, please) removing gristle and large pieces of fat. If lucky you should end up with 2 cups of diced beef which is just the right amount to combine with 3 cups diced freshly cooked potatoes. Set aside while you cook 1 medium sized onion diced fine and 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper (optional) in a little beef dripping until golden brown and tender. Add to beef and potatoes along with salt, pepper, any beef gravy or stock you may have left—not too much, you just want enough to moisten. and toss all together but not violently so that you break up the potatoes. Heat dripping in iron frying pan (¼" deep—the fat, not the pan). Add hash and cook over hot fire for 4 or 5 minutes and then reduce heat and let cook slowly for 20 minutes. If you're dextrous you can flip the hash over in half, crusty side up like an omelet and serve immediately (for 4 people). This is just about right served with chili sauce, well buttered spinach, glazed carrots, and finish off the meal with a deep apple pie made with a cheese crust.

Not all leftover meats are suited to the strong measures required for the hash treatment and with lamb and veal you can create main course dishes which might be included in the Chop Suey classification. Here is a recipe which will serve as a guide with regard to preparations. We'll call it—

Veal Oriental

- 2 tbsp. cooking fat
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 1 tin mushrooms and broth
- 1 cup sliced cooked carrots (or peas or beans)
- 2 cups diced cooked veal
- 1 cup veal gravy or stock
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- 1 tbsp. soy sauce (optional)

Cook onions and celery in hot fat over low heat until tender and golden brown. Stir in flour, add remaining ingredients and stir until the mixture is bubbling. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Taste for seasonings and serve with hot rice or noodles. Yield: 4 servings.

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VIGNETTE

Ham and Eggs for Edie

By HARRY STRANGE

AT LAST I was all packed! But my bags and the overnight satchel weighed eighty-five pounds on the bathroom scales and transatlantic air passengers were allowed only sixty-six pounds. What could I take out? After all, a two months' stay in Europe — with no laundry, I had been told—necessitated a certain minimum of clothing and gear if one was to remain decent.

I went at it again and finally, after throwing out all but absolute essentials, down came the scales to sixty-six pounds.

This was not all clothing, however. It included fifteen pounds of food and soap, together with half a dozen pairs of nylon stockings, which my wife had insisted on putting in.

The food I could understand. But why the soap and the nylons, I asked her?

"They're perhaps the best things you're taking over," she replied. "Just wait till you see how they're received!"

Well, I did see. Our friends received the soap with quite extraordinary gratitude, I thought. And the stockings! Oh, la, la! Naturally I didn't tell my wife about that.

The next day I found in my cupboard a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes I'd carefully packed the day before.

"What's this?" I said to my wife. "I packed that suit and those shoes."

"TRUE," responded my wife, in that soothing tone which I have found by experience admits of no further argument. "But, you see, I had a letter this morning from your sister, Edie. She says how very much she'd appreciate some ham and eggs. Unfortunately, you can't take fresh eggs, but I've replaced that suit of clothes and the shoes with a seven pound boneless ham. Deliver it to your sister, with my love."

Well, that was that! In a couple of days I left Winnipeg, to fly by air to London.

In due course we arrived at the great airport at Gander, Newfoundland. Here we developed that bugbear with which, I am told, habitual fliers from time to time become acquainted—mechanical trouble. We were delayed for three days.

It is true that I was offered passage in a rival company's plane the next day. But, "No," I said, in an outburst of loyalty to Canada, "I'll stay with the line 'what brung me!' "

The second day our steward, who was to have crossed the ocean with us, said to me,

"Look here, sir, I've got three dozen eggs I was taking to a friend of mine at Prestwick, in Scotland. Now I have to go back to Montreal and shan't be going over with you. Would you like to buy these eggs?"

"I certainly would," I said. "But will they keep?"

"Fresh as a daisy," he answered. "I'll put them in a cool place in the plane for you."

Good, I thought to myself! Now I've got a seven pound ham and three dozen eggs. Ham and eggs for Edie, after all!

Arrived at last at the grandiose and dignified hotel, at which I was to stay while in London, dishevelled, tired, hungry, I addressed the magnificently apparelled Duke on duty at the desk. I gave my name. "I'm from Canada," I said. "I have a room here."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the man replied. "You *had* a room. But you did not turn up at the time specified, so someone else has it now. And the hotel is full up."

After considerable telephoning, they finally found a room for me in what was described as a small, commercial hotel.

The place wasn't bad at all. My room was surprisingly large and the bed comfortable. I fell asleep almost immediately and slept soundly.

In the morning there was a tap on my door. A neat maid appeared.

"Your tea, sir," she announced.

Now I began to recover rapidly from my disappointing experience of the night before.

"Where's the bathroom?" I asked the maid.

"Down the passage to the right, sir," the girl replied. "And I think it's unoccupied at the moment."

Down the passage I went, armed with a towel and a bar of soap that I had brought from Canada with me.

In the bathroom, on her knees, I found a middle-age woman busily scrubbing the floor.

Now a brilliant thought occurred to me. When I had left home my wife had said, "Take a notebook and pencil with you wherever you go. Write down what people are doing and thinking. Don't trouble to ask men anything. They don't know. Ask the women. And talk to all the working women you can. From them you'll get the *truth!*"

Here was my chance to start in.

"And how are things going with you in old England?" I asked.

"Ow, sir!" she answered, bitterly, "Things is something awful. In the morning I gets up at six, makes breakfast for the family and then gets me 'usband off to work and me three children off to school. I works scrubbing bathrooms in this 'ere 'otel from eight till twelve noon. Then 'ome I goes and makes dinner. After that I spends the 'ole afternoon standing in queues to buy what we need. More often than not, by the time I gets to the shops, there 'aint anything left."

"What are your rations?" I asked.

"Well, sir," the woman answered, "right now we gets two ounces of butter a week, 4 ounces of marg, and one ounce of lard. Tea is eight ounces a month—and you know 'ow we English loves our tea, sir. We gets three pounds of potatoes a week, and as for eggs—they're two per person per month—when you can get 'em."

"How about meat?" I wanted to know.

"Right now we gets ten pence worth of meat a week and tuppence worth of canned meat. Bacon's one slice. Yesterday I stood for three hours to get some meat. I 'ad to pay ten-and-six for a rabbit wot in the old days would 'ave cost only one-and-six. And that's all the meat the five of us 'ad for one week."

The poor soul then went on to tell me more of her difficulties and hardships and as she related her tale of woe the tears came into her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

I FELT myself overcome with heartfelt sympathy. Suddenly an idea came to me. I dashed back to my bedroom, opened up one of my bags, grabbed hold of the seven pound ham and the three dozen eggs, took them back to the bathroom and pressed them into the scrubwoman's hands.

It was too much. Her eyes popped, her knees gave way, and she sank slowly to the bathroom floor with the ham and eggs in her lap.

With her almost incoherent thanks ringing in my ears, and feeling that I had done my first good deed for dear old England, I retired to my room. I would take my bath later.

In a few days I found time to visit my sister on the outskirts of London. She welcomed me warmly.

"But look, Harry," she began, "I hope you'll forgive me. I know our first day together you'd like to be alone with me, to talk over old times. But Kathleen sent me a cable, saying you'd been delayed, but that you'd arrive in a few days bringing with you a seven pound ham and three dozen eggs. You can't imagine what an extraordinary treat this will be for us! We have a rule here, though, that we must share unusual delicacies with our friends. So I've invited three couples to come in for dinner tonight, to have a great feast of ham and eggs!"

Let us draw a veil over my halting explanations. I must admit, however, that a present of a pair of nylon stockings to each of the ladies did much to assuage their disappointment; though a cake of soap, offered to each of the men, I felt from their expressions, was rather inadequate!

OTHER PAGE

Meditation on Men's Hats

By J. E. MIDDLETON

WHILE clearing out the hall closet to make room for the togs of the Interim Organizing Committee, soon to arrive for an organizing meeting, I was carrying two pairs of goloshes in one hand and three felt hats in the other. The black derby I had popped on my head.

That was a careless act; an error of judgment. I should have known better, remembering that the Lady of the House has ideas about the derby style that I have never been able to share. Seeing me so crowned, temporarily, she murmured something about a really beautiful hat gathering dust while I went about in shapeless things unworthy of my position in society. Other distinguished men were more particular about their appearance, etc., etc.

You mustn't think that this was the beginning of an argument. No. It was merely a restatement of her general position. The argument was finished years ago when I made a permanent concession, in the nature of a peace protocol. I would wear the stiff bowler at funerals, weddings, christenings of grandchildren or grandnephews-and-nieces, receptions to the King or any members of the Royal Family (ice-queens not included), formal calls on the Lieutenant-Governor, the Governor General, Cardinal McGuigan or the Moderator of the United Church.

On other occasions I was to have freedom of choice.

I mentioned mildly that this was an Other Occasion.

She demurred — not severely. Wasn't I going to Montreal? Wasn't I attending McGill convocation? Wasn't I to be introduced to all sorts of Eminents? Wasn't I proposing a toast at a very particular dinner of old associates?

Agreed. A toast to The Ladies; *not* with my hat on!

But I would be going and coming away in company.

I might be while coming away. I would go in a taxicab.

What would the chauffeur think of me; going to such important places, seeing such important people, in a hat that looked like a square of mouldy-looking felt that a cow in a marshy meadow had stepped on?

The description, to me, seemed libellous; probably actionable. Obviously, the time for compromise had come. This trip to Montreal, I admitted, might not be counted as an Other Occasion for freedom of choice; it might be classed as a special exception within the bounds of the protocol, since there was a chance that the Cardinal or the Moderator might be there.

So I went to Montreal, in the derby, and found only a few of us so crowned. I noticed three emeritus professors, a social reporter from *La Presse*, a lecturer in Economics and the caterer at the garden-party. Scores of men had no hats at all. "Homburgs" were affected by a few minor statesmen trying to look like Anthony Eden. Grey fedoras were common, but the snapbrim sports design in a nifty brown seemed to be the choice of the really Eminent. Oddly enough such a hat, even when decorated with a red-feather about the size of two thumb-nails, didn't make an Eminent look sporty. It had no effect on the wearer's appearance. Contrariwise, each wearer seemed to influence the hat, suppressing its every trace of sportiness and giving it an astonishing dignity.

Here was a new avenue to be explored. Could it be that a theory commonly accepted was faulty? A spot of research was indicated.

CAREFUL survey of behatted men seen in Montreal during two days revealed much. Whenever, at first glance, a hat looked dull and dense I looked at the countenance beneath it and saw the reason. I think that the toughest looking hat of all I observed was a black derby, set above hard and brassy lineaments surrounding a big cigar, angularly inclined. I would have suspected that the gentleman was a sure-thing gambler, save for the fact that the Montreal police have abolished gambling. Whatever he was, he could be classed as an anti-social unit, and his personality dominated the hat.

I believe that if one of the low-crowned, soft felt creations favored by the Anglican clergy could be clapped on the head of such a hard-boiled citizen it would look irreligious to the point of blasphemy. Probably the wearer would say it looked like hell; and he would be right.

The mellow goodness attributed to these low-crowners is not inherent; it is rather a reflection from the holy men beneath them.

And I have observed—in a mirror—that the mouldy squashed felt I favor day by day seems to be uncommonly respectable. When I put it on a surge of intellectuality comes over it. Its lines become carelessly artistic, its color, quiet and unobtrusive. I could say much more in this vein but modesty forbids.

Indeed I have a feeling that if I were to wear that hat in the house habitually there would be no need of what Jim Conmee used to call "libillious accusiations."

• •

INTERLUDE ON OCTOBER

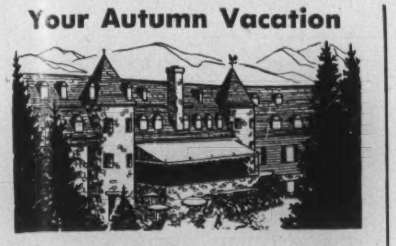
THE brooding voice of autumn
Pervades the afternoon,
The final hum of insects,
The milkweed spends her bloom.

Along the quiet river
The splash of fish is heard,
The murmur of dried grasses—
There is no other word.

No other word within a world
Enslaved by alien sound:
The brooding peace of autumn
Today I briefly found.

CLARA BERNHARDT

Your Autumn Vacation



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BRAIN-TEASER

All Sexes and Sevens

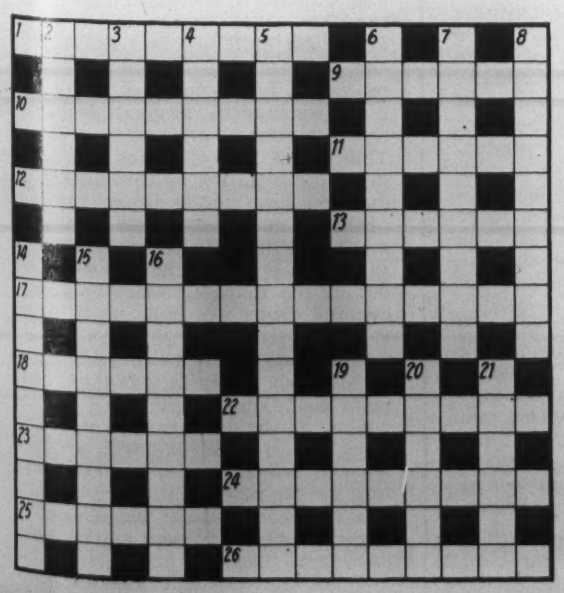
By LOUIS and DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. What stars! (anagram) (5, 4)
9. . . . . (2, 4)
10. Walter sat in the sea, naturally. (4, 5)
11. Decrees.
12. The longest day
13. One on the nose is not becoming.
17. Pickled parent? (6, 2, 7)
18. It returns twice to back up Gilbert in Japan.
22. Counter-irritants, and we don't mean shop-girls.
23. He was sure women surely insured. (hidden)
24. Somes, somes, somes, somes.
25. Decrees.
26. Did Mistress Quickly react thus?

DOWN

2. Criminals who leave 9 are seldom this.
3. He leaves at the end.
4. It's ready for your last ride.
5. Mythical fellow who gets full once a month. (3, 3, 2, 3, 4)
6. Good men make the most of favorable signs. (4, 5)
7. Dirty feet? (5, 4)
8. They're usually after the mesdames.
14. Stifled, by too much motherliness, perhaps.
15. P.D.R. was a united one, of course.
16. Kind of person who never gets full of anything he shouldn't.
19. Does it prefer crackers to bird seed?
20. A pig in a racket.
21. A leper (anagram)



Solution for Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Emily Carr
6. Small
10. Step
11. Rural
12. Noun
13. Art
14. Ever and a day
16. Writing
18. Crisis
20. Forest
22. Deduces
24. Cats and dogs
27. Ash
30. Home
31. Namur
32. Klee
33. Death
34. Totem pole

DOWN

2. Motor
3. Lips
4. Caravan
5. Rarer
7. Mendacious
8. Laura
9. Clinic
15. Utter sweet
17. Rio
19. Ire
21. Tenant
23. Engorge
25. Alone
26. Dumbo
28. Shell
29. Skip

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Capital Expansion Is Now Forcing Our Economy Through Inflation

By RODNEY GREY

It is now clear that the present stage of inflation is being powered by high investment in factories, office buildings, machinery, hospitals, schools, streets, and many other capital goods. We have passed out of the first stage of inflation which was brought on by the spending of savings built up during the war.

This is the second of two articles on the postwar inflation. In Saturday Night last week Mr. R. J. Sutherland discussed the first stage—the consumer spending from wartime cash balances, which forced prices up. This article suggests that there are forces inherent in this investment boom which will bring a tapering off, but not before a period of even higher prices.

THERE are two major stimuli to the Canadian economy: export trade and domestic capital expansion. It is clear now, as we near the end of the third quarter of 1948, that it is domestic investment which is driving the Canadian economy to a new high national income and sparking this portion of the postwar inflation.

The first stage of inflation was brought on by the spending of wartime cash balances in many consumers' savings accounts. During the war consumption was cut down to release supplies for war industry; savings piled up which began to be dissipated once the war stimulus to saving was removed.

Most of those savings and unsatisfied wartime demands have been liquidated, though there are some major lines where great shortages exist, like housing and factory machinery. But it is broadly true to say that we now have an investment boom, and that current high prices are a reflection of the aggravated demand for investment goods. Selecting the factors causing the inflation is largely a question of emphasis. Consumer demand is never completely satisfied, for it is insatiable — high consumer demand and willingness to incur debt by instalment purchasing is helping to keep prices high. To say that the present inflation is a reflection of the investment boom is merely saying that investment is now the most important force, but there are many other smaller forces helping to drive the Canadian economy along at unprecedented speed.

The Leading Role

Last week, R. J. Sutherland of the University of Toronto pointed out in SATURDAY NIGHT that plainly the first stage of inflation — the consumer spending stage—is now over. And equally clearly, high investment over the past twelve months has taken over the leading role. In its *Monthly Review* the Bank of Nova Scotia refers to ". . . . large postwar capital expenditures, which in the past year have been the most dynamic element in the business picture . . . ."

Investment in new factories, office buildings and machinery drives inflation by creating a demand for labor and supplies which would otherwise produce consumers' goods. It bids the prices of supplies and of labor up to new levels, reacting on the costs of all labor and materials so that all prices tend to rise. The general atmosphere of confidence brought on by big investment makes wage and salary earners willing to spend because they expect high earnings tomorrow. As wartime savings go, instalment buying takes up some of the slack, and sales continue at high levels.

Table I shows the dollar volume of new investment in the ten year period 1938-1948. In the late thirties investment was low—investors saw little chance of getting returns on their money. In 1938 there was only $576 millions of private investment in Canada. During the war the total investment in Canada was very high, but private investment figures, while reaching a wartime high of $995 millions in 1941, remained low compared to present figures ($718 millions wartime investment was government investment and is listed under government expenditures in the Bureau of Statistics tables from which these figures are taken). Once the war ended there were many openings for investment: reconversion was needed, new products were developed in wartime, new factories had to be built to fill the backlog of demand. In 1948 our private investment program may reach $2500 millions—four and one-half times the investment of 1938. At the same time our national income may rise to $15,000 millions.

A large portion of that increase in investment and national income is an increase in dollar value only. While national income in dollar terms has almost tripled in the years since the war began, industrial production has increased by only 75 per cent. The rest of the increase of income is a dollar increase. That is, the rest of the increase is inflation; an increase in dollar value unaccompanied by an equivalent increase in real production.

But it is only in the last six months that the investment program has really hit its stride. While the end of the war saw a step up in investment, it is 1948 which will be called the year of investment. A good mark of the growth of investment is the value of construction contracts awarded. Table II compares month by month the construction contract value for the first half of 1947 with the first half of 1948. The wartime high was June 1941 when there was $86 million of construction contracts awarded. That record was broken in May 1948 when contracts reached a monthly figure of $140. During the first six months of 1948 there was $483 millions of contracts awarded—43 per cent higher than the same period last year.

It is difficult to gauge accurately the real increase in our productive capacity. The increase of production now over pre-war years of 75 per cent is not an accurate measure; there were many unused plants and men standing idle in 1939. Perhaps a third or a half is nearer the mark as far as manufacturing is concerned.

Broad Postwar Program

The expansion of real productive capacity and dollar value of new investment varies from one section of the economy to others. The most important expansions in manufacturing are in iron and steel and in pulp and paper industries. In utilities, the demand for electric power has caused heavy spending on construction and on machinery, dwarfing expenditures on transportation and communication. Generally, the postwar capital program is broader, more diversified, and very much larger than the wartime expansion.

The greater portion of this year's increase over last year is inflationary. The physical volume of new investment is only slightly greater for 1948 than it was for 1947, and repair and maintenance spending may be slightly down. Physical volume is limited by supplies of labor and raw materials—in 1947 we bumped hard against those limits.

The constant pressure on supplies of materials and labor, which limit the increase in real productive capacity, means wage and price rises. The general upward trend in price indexes may be largely traced to this dynamic driving source of spending. If investment were to fall sharply, or even taper off, the release of labor and materials to the consumers' goods industries would mean a drop in prices followed by a slow decline in employment and wages.

This building up of our productive capacity raises two connected questions. First: will we be able to sell the goods we produce? When consumers' needs for durable goods, like housing, and industry's need for capital replacements fall off, we will have a surplus of these types of goods. Though many Canadian goods can now be sold in the world market, trade barriers and agreements may force us out.

One of the aims of the European Recovery Program is to make Europe more self-sufficient in just the sort of durables Canada can supply. Canadians will have to fight hard for free market conditions and a high level of international trade, or our surpluses will pile up at home. The twists and turns of the international political situation may, of course, bring us out at a place that means all-out production of war goods: the problem stated will have been solved.

Tapering Off Investment

The second and related question brought up by the investment program is: where does the inflation go from here? Two sets of factors are operating to taper off investment, and with it inflation. Obviously we cannot go on investing at this dollar value for ever—we will run out of risk capital and investment opportunities. All the factories that people now want built will be built, and all the farmers who can pay for combines will have combines. As the demand for investment goods drops off, the inflationary pressure is reduced. That is one sort of factor tending to taper off inflation by investment. At the same time consumer spending will probably not rise as fast as investment, particularly as middle class salaried people find themselves priced out of the market. Once consumer demand drops, the inducement to investment falls too.

These two sets of factors will come increasingly to the fore as the investment boom runs its course. Prophets who claim the down turn is near may already be found. But it is unlikely we will see a marked downturn before we see new inflationary heights. Wages are likely to be bid up to new levels before the present gap between prices and wages grows wide enough to force the economic machine onto the downward path.

TABLE I

THE GROWING VOLUME CANADIAN INVESTMENT

Year	*National Income*	*Private Investment*
	(millions of dollars)	
1938	5,141	576
1939	5,581	554
1940	6,740	713
1941	8,403	995
1942	10,487	931
1943	11,244	828
1944	11,820	756
1945	11,614	865
1946	11,613	1331
1947	13,165	2042
1948	15,000	2500

Source: Dominion Bureau of Statistics, except for 1948 figures, which are author's rough estimates.

TABLE II

VALUE OF CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS

Month	1947	1948
	(millions of dollars)	
January	44.7	34.2
February	53.5	43.0
March	38.4	51.3
April	52.9	80.8
May	64.2	139.9
June	75.5	133.8
Half-year Totals:	329.2	483.0

Source: Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A New Stand For Labor?

By P. M. RICHARDS

IF AND when we have another serious depression, we are likely to find that the accompanying unemployment presents new and serious problems as a result of the large increases in union wage rates and in union membership in recent years. As the people's consumption of goods falls with the onset of depression, the efforts of producers to lower prices to induce business will be hampered and to a large extent prevented by well-organized union resistance to the reduction of wage rates.

The logical result will be smaller volumes of consumption and production and employment than would otherwise be the case. Fewer workers will be employed, but those who are will receive union-maintained high wage rates, while workers displaced by the closing down or reduction of business operations will have to be supported by the taxpayers, including labor still working. The difficulty of adjustment to the economic facts of the new situation will tend to deepen and prolong the depression.

In a Labor Day speech at Detroit, President Truman said that "Some workers lack the protection of a decent minimum wage. We must relieve such injustice and increase the minimum wage level from 40 cents an hour to at least 75 cents an hour." Though we must make allowances for the fact of the election campaign and Mr. Truman's acute need for labor support, it is obvious that his proposal, if acted upon, would largely increase the volume of unemployment in a depression, since it would prevent the doing of a great deal of work that was not worth the payment of 75 cents an hour. It is easy for the government to say that anyone who is employed shall be paid not less than a certain amount, but it cannot compel a private enterpriser to have work done if the doing appears likely to result in financial loss. Large numbers of unskilled workers would be made jobless by making the minimum wage too high. Everybody would lose.

One-Way Wage Movement

The economic danger in the wage movement of recent years is not so much the height to which it has risen as the fact that it is strictly one-way. If wage and freight rates and other costs were going to decline in relation to industry's ability to meet them, industry would have much less reason to worry. But strong unions have forced wages up, and may be expected to resist vigorously any and all attempts to lower them, no matter how much prices and employment fall. The prospect is that in the next depression many workers will be entitled to receive large wages when they are working—but they won't be working. And the new cost rigidities will make industry's task of adjustment to the needs of recovery much more difficult than it was in any past depression.

As has previously been pointed out here, we ought not to have a real "bust" after this boom for the reason that this time, in sharp contrast to the situation at the end of 1929, business activity should be supported by a large continuing demand for housing and industrial plant and equipment and other durables. Impressive new undertakings in connection with the development of iron ore and oil and other natural resources should help to prevent an economic debacle in Canada. But business leaders are very conscious of the existence of cost rigidities. They fear their effects in a recession; they fear that they will prevent the process of cost adjustment and correction that must take place if recession is not to deepen into depression and if conditions favorable to recovery and progress are to be established.

Labor's Contributions

Whether or not prices have been excessive, we may be sure that prices—most of them, at least—will fall in a general business recession. Producers and sellers will do everything possible to induce buying. But prices must still cover costs, or business will not be done. If it is not, unemployment will be correspondingly great. Thus maintenance of employment will hang largely on cost reduction.

Organized labor could make two vitally important contributions to the prospect for maintaining business operations at an adequate level by (1) indicating its willingness to accept downward revisions of wage scales as and when the cost of living declines (actually it should be industry's income instead of the cost of living, but this is doubtless too much to hope for), and (2) doing its best to raise its unit rate of production. As every employer knows, labor's rate of production—as distinct from the volume of production—has slipped seriously in recent years; it takes more time to get a task done than formerly. Furthermore, as many purchasers of automobiles and other durable goods know to their sorrow, today much work is not being done as carefully as it used to be.

Every consumer knows what happens when a desired article is priced beyond his means; he doesn't buy. If labor puts an uneconomically high valuation on its services, and insists on its retention in the face of a general decline in public purchasing power, consumers will buy fewer of labor's products, which must mean less employment. Conversely, downward wage revisions in line with cost-of-living declines would not involve any drop in labor's real purchasing power, and would tend to maintain employment. Organized labor should do something about this, while there is still time.

Claiming to be the world's largest housing project, Puerto Nuevo, five miles outside San Juan, Puerto Rico, has 7,000 single unit homes under construction at a cost of $30,000,000. These will sell for $4,000 each and are being finished at rate of 50 a day for completion by Jan. 1 next.

British Workers Hold Key Of Rising Living Standard

By JOHN L. MARSTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

It is becoming increasingly clear to British trade unionists that the only way British workers can raise their standard of living is by raising production. For a long time they have believed that labor would substantially increase its share of the national wealth at the expense of other groups in the community.

Mr. Marston points out the fallacy in this view and argues that a realistic interpretation of the present situation indicates that a real effort by the working population is the only road to a higher living standard.

London.

THE DEMAND for higher wages is one of the characteristics of any inflationary period in any country. It is both a cause and an effect of the well-known spiral of rising costs and rising prices. Anti-inflation policy particularly stresses the importance of stabilizing wages, as a preliminary to stabilizing costs and prices. Organized labor, though to a varying extent and with many exceptions, has accepted the idea that the rise in prices must be checked, even though that means that wage demands must be restrained.

Wage-earners argue, however, that increased pay need not involve higher prices. There is the analogy of the cake, the gross proceeds of an industry or a business, out of which various interests take their slice. There is no need, the argument runs, to increase the size of the cake (increase the gross proceeds by raising selling prices) if an increase in the wage-earners' slice is matched by a decrease in other slices, particularly the one representing profits. This idea has been gaining adherents in Britain since the principle of wage-freezing was adopted by the Labor government and accepted by the trade union leaders.

The British Trades Union Congress is an annual event where, now that labor leaders are in the government, both the wage-earners and the government are represented. It may be true—and it may be significant—that the wage-earners' representatives are all on the floor while the government representatives are all on the platform; but if there are conflicts on this plane at least there are no conflicts between employers and employed. It is all the more remarkable that Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Cripps, at this year's Congress at Margate, has told the workers bluntly what the employers have been telling them for years: that the only way to get a substantially increased slice of the cake is to increase the size of the cake—not by raising the price of the product but by increasing the size of the product.

Expand The Total

What Cripps and others who talk in the same vein are trying, more or less diplomatically, to impress upon the wage-earners is the fact that they hold the future prosperity in their hands. It is not by redistributing the goods already existing but by expanding the total of goods that the standard of living can be raised; and the attitude of the workers to the task is possibly more important than any organizational manoeuvres from above.

The whole question goes far beyond the wage issue. Can it, for instance, be seriously supposed that the managerial and technological improvements which are to be proposed by America to Europe will be any substitute for an increase in the productivity of labor due to labor's own exertions? Obviously, neglect of managerial duties (including the use of the most up-to-date technical methods) would be inexcusable—and, of course, there are some special industries where so much is done by machinery that the labor element is relatively unimportant. But in general it can be said that without willing cooperation by those who actually carry out the productive tasks nothing like the maximum output possible in any given technological conditions can possibly be realized.

One could argue from this thesis that the mere spectacle of a few people enjoying wealth was an irritant and therefore a deterrent to production, quite apart from the modest improvement accruing to the average standard of living if that wealth were distributed. It is certainly true that the spectacle of wealth irritates the workers of Europe more than those of America; and there is probably much to be said for a wage policy which adapts itself to the particular conditions of a country. But at least it is paramount importance to get rid of that idea that the wealth needed for a full life exists already and has only to be redistributed.

Advocates of a new social order say that the old social order has already in many countries reached, and will soon reach in America, the limit of its productive possibilities. The argument has at least the merit that it recognizes that more wealth must be produced; and presumably, by implication, it acknowledges that production means hard work. Others who maintain that the old system can provide a full life for the many as well as luxury for the few will not view sympathetically the claim that the initiative of the few should be weakened by curtailment of profits, when even the distribution of all profits among the wage-earners (assuming simply the arithmetically possible) would not greatly change the appearance of the weekly pay-packet.

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BANK OF MONTREAL

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 247

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1948 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1948. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

JAMES STEWART
General Manager

Toronto 10th September 1948

Agnew-Surpass SHOE STORES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 38

A dividend of Fifteen Cents (.15c) per share on all issued Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable December 1, 1948, to Shareholders of record as at the close of business October 29, 1948.

By Order of the Board.

K. R. GILLELAN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Brantford, Ont. September 8, 1948.

KINGSWAY TRANSPORTS Standardize on FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

152 IN OPERATION .. MORE ON ORDER

Operating an all-year, inter-city highway transportation business which extends from Hamilton, Ontario, to Quebec City, Kingsway Transports Limited is not only one of the largest organizations of its kind in Canada, but boasts of exceptionally fine road equipment and maintenance facilities. Radiating out of Montreal, with through routes to many parts of Ontario and Quebec, Kingsway's highway requirements naturally revolve around the use of Semi-Trailers on inter-city operations, as well as straight trucks for urban hauls.

"It has been the policy of Kingsway to standardize on equipment to the greatest possible extent. Over a period of years we have accumulated 152 Fruehauf and Semi-Trailers," states a Kingsway official. "Today, Fruehaufs comprise by far the greater part of our Trailer fleet, with additional units on order to meet our increased commitments."

Here is another demonstration of the high regard in which Fruehauf Trailers are held by the Professional Haulers—the men of motor transport who select Trailers on one basis only: the make which will cost less, earn more over the years. Go where you will, you'll find that these Professional Haulers use *far more Fruehaufs than any other make.* This is evidence you can tie to—the kind that says, *"Select a Fruehauf and be sure."*

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NEWS OF THE MINES

Pioneer Explorer And Operator Brings In Fifth Producer

By JOHN M. GRANT

J. E. "JACK" HAMMELL continues to make Canadian mining history! In his own forceful way this pioneer explorer and operator carved out a colorful name for himself in Canada's northern wilderness. His faith in gold, and particularly the Red Lake camp, has again been rewarded with the bringing into production of Starratt Olsen Gold Mines —the first new mine to reach that stage in eight years, and providing the fifth gold mine brought into production under his presidency. The 500-ton mill was turned over at the beginning of this month, just 10 months after commencement of work on the mill site, and will be gradually moved up to capacity. Not only is the company in line for felicitations on bringing the mine into production on schedule, but also for having attained this position without having had to change its original capitalization of 3,000,000 shares, all of which are issued, and without necessity for a bond issue. All additional financing required was supplied by Hasaga Gold Mines, the vendor of the property, loans from this company amounting to $305,000 at the end of 1947. As a consequence the policy of Starratt Olsen will be to push tonnage up to its peak as quickly as possible and concentrate on production, even at the expense of development, during the first twelve months, in order to liquidate the amount owing Hasaga and leave the company free of debt.

•

Starratt Olsen Gold Mines goes into production with ore reserves in excess of 500,000 tons to a depth of 1,100 feet, and sufficient to supply the mill at capacity for a period of three years. The ore reserves have an average uncut value of $9.20, or a cut grade of $6.43 per ton, but it will take a few months' operations to ascertain what the actual return will be. That it will be closer to the higher figure is considered not unlikely in view of the results at the adjoining Madsen Red Lake mine. The structure of the Starratt property is very similar to that of Madsen and mineralization practically identical. The ore is contained in recurring lenses, both on strike and dip, with the best results being obtained at the greatest depth. While, as noted above, ore estimates are based on results only to a depth of 1,100 feet, ore values have been obtained in diamond drilling to a depth of 1,400 feet, which is the deepest point so far tested. The shaft has recently been deepened from 800 to 1,130 feet, and the 1,000-foot horizon will be the first of the new levels to be developed. Judging from the deep drilling and the results on the previous bottom level (800 feet) there should be no concern about ore on the 1,000-foot level. Greater ore lengths, and no diminution of grade, was apparent on the 800-foot horizon than on the upper levels.

•

While at the present time Starratt Olsen Gold Mines has the largest mill in the Patricia district, and is equipped with hoisting and crushing capacity of 2,000 tons, its adjoining neighbor, Madsen Red Lake, is progressing with mill expansion plans which will next spring give it the distinction of possessing the district's largest mill. Half of the foundations has been poured for the new mill at Madsen, which will double present capacity to 800 tons daily. Meanwhile, the mill is reported operating in high gear, a record daily average of 435 tons being reached in August. Although only ordinary development work is being carried out at the

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Market Points To Watch

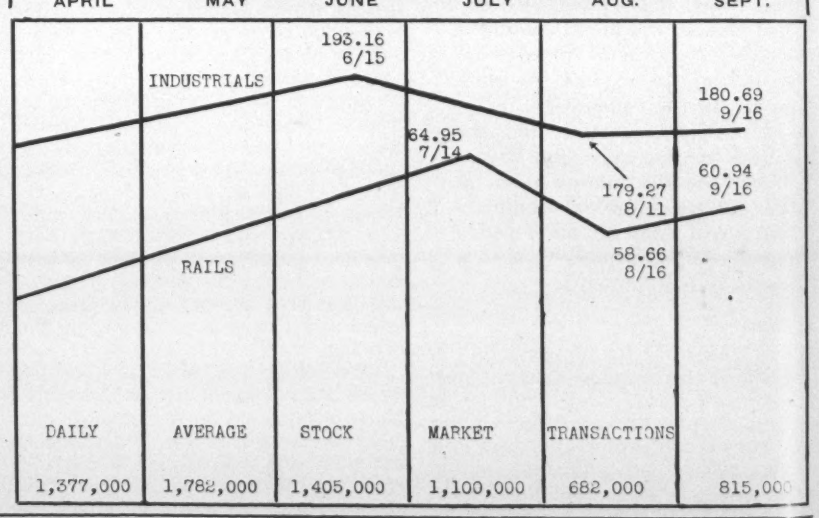
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM N. Y. AND CANADIAN MARKET TREND: Primary trend upward. Barring war, movement could extend well into 1949. Short-term trend in both averages upward to mid-June, with subsequent reversal indicated should rails close at or below 58.50.

Stock prices continue in an irregular to weak trend. This weakness dates from mid-June, and follows the February-to-June advance. So far it has been confined within the area anticipated by us, when the high points were being established, as normal for a secondary correction to the type of advance witnessed. Recently, that is, the market has been in a line formation. Closes at or under 180.19 and 58.47 by both averages would indicate decisive or more than fractional downside penetration of the line, with lower price levels being forecast. Closes at or above 187.10 and 62.46 would represent upside penetration suggesting further advance.

Until and unless the present line is broken upside, there remains the possibility of market weakness, particularly during the period that the Berlin crisis continues. A point of support and possible turn-about, should such weakness develop, would be around the lower limit of the 183/175 price area previously set up herein as marking normal limits to a technical correction of the February-to-June advance. Any further setback that might develop, even though it exceeded the 175 limit, should be regarded as a continuation of the secondary decline. Where cash reserves are excessive, or for those who do not care to carry any insurance against the war risk while the Berlin blockade is being settled, we would regard the current weak spell, or its possible extension, as an opportune time to purchase.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Pirates of Penzance

In the old days, pirates were a constant source of danger to shipping. Piracy is now comparatively rare, but other "perils of the deep" still exist. All hazards of transportation —ocean and inland — can be covered by "British America" Marine insurance.

FINANCIAL POSITION
DECEMBER 31, 1947

Assets
$11,259,895

Liabilities to the Public
$6,936,325

Capital
$750,000

Surplus above Capital
$3,573,570

Losses paid since organization
$92,596,684

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moment, the mine is in a comfortable ore position and has interesting possibilities at depth which await future exploration. Of the other producers in the district, Pickle Crow, Central Patricia and Hasaga, all have 400-ton mill units, with Cochenour-Willans and McKenzie Red Lake having capacities of around 250 tons. McMarmac, which first went into production in October, 1940, the last to do so in the district, can handle approximately 90 tons per days.

•

An increase in milling rate has recently been effected at Hasaga Gold Mines, and a further lift in capacity is now being considered. The daily output is currently around 425 tons, compared with an average of 211 tons in 1947, and a study is being made as to the best method of raising capacity another 100 tons per day. The mine has been operating at a profit since January this year, while last year an operating loss of $245,557 was shown. Ore reserves were doubled last year to over 371,000 tons, averaging $5.80 per ton. Work on the 2,200-foot horizon has yet to reach the ore area. The first effort to indicate downward extension is reported, diamond drilling below the west end of the 2,000-foot horizon having picked up the extension of one of the porphyry orebodies being opened at that level. The first hole, 80 feet below the level, gave $6.79 over a core length of 31 feet; the next hole, 75 feet to the west, returned $6.51 over a core length of 18.5 feet at the same depth, and a third hole, 50 feet below the level, assayed $11.74 over 10 feet.

•

More producers are in sight for the Red Lake section of the Patricia district. Next month Dickenson Red Lake Mines expects to tune-in the 200-ton per day mill purchased from Gold Eagle Gold Mines, and Campbell Red Lake Mines, controlled by Dome Mines, plans to go into production next January at a rate of 300 tons per day, which will be worked up to 500 tons. J. M. Brewis, managing director, of Dickenson Red Lake, reports progress minewise and in mill construction as up to schedule. He states "the initial tune-in can be confidently expected some time in October," and adds "the taking down of backs underground and stope preparation assures ample mill tonnage as required." Mr. Brewis is also optimistic about the location of "what may well be termed a second mine." It has been thought for sometime, Mr. Brewis adds, that on the southwest claims they had found the eastern extension of the adjoining Campbell Red Lake ore zone. "This was substantiated by surface diamond drilling which showed comparable veins and values to a depth of approximately 150 feet," he advises, and goes on, "I am pleased to announce that a horizontal diamond drill hole, put out ahead of the line crosscut has now intersected the extension of the Campbell Red Lake ore zone on our property at a depth of 500 feet." Where intersected, the diamond drill hole shows the zone about 350 feet wide in which 12 veins were encountered. Five of the 12 veins, according to Mr. Brewis, have commercially important widths and values, and some of the others may develop in that category.

•

Approval has been given by shareholders of Thurbois Mines, Destor township, northwestern Quebec, to a reorganization of the company, which will result in present stockholdings being cut on the basis of one new share of each four now held, and provide 2,000,000 additional shares for financing. The name will be changed to New Thurbois Mines, and efforts are being made to provide funds to resume operations at the property, which has been closed since March.

•

The continuing unfavorable market conditions have precluded the possibility of arranging the necessary financing to continue development at Norbenite Malartic Mines, although there has been developed an indicated 600,000 tons, grading $5.95 per ton, which justifies the erection of a mill, S. A. Perry, secretary-treasurer, states in a report to shareholders. It is planned to resume operations as soon as possible with a view to bringing the mine into production. At the end of 1947, the company had current assets of $20,562, against current liabilities of $197,844, the latter figure including $27,811 owing to the Bank of Toronto, $15,033 in accounts payable, and a demand loan of $155,000 from Draper Doble & Co.

The Stock Analyst

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell). (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Analyst—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK ANALYST divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown

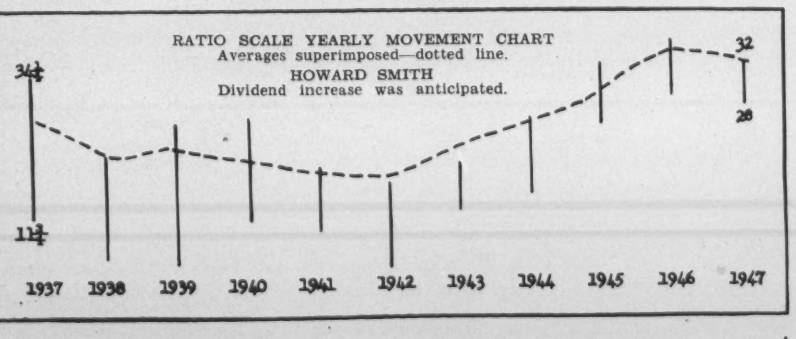
GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks — 1. FAVORABLE
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments — 2. AVERAGE or
GROUP "C"—Speculations — 3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

HOWARD SMITH PAPER MILLS LIMITED

PRICE	- $34.00		Averages		Howard Smith	
YIELD	- 5.8%	Last 1 month	Down	3.5%	Up	.7%
INVESTMENT INDEX	- 96	Last 12 months	Up	3.0%	Up	30.7%
GROUP	- "B"	1946-48 range	Down	28.2%	Down	38.8%
RATING	- See below	1948- range	Up	28.3%	Up	50.6%



SUMMARY:—Howard Smith Paper Mills Ltd. is one of the largest manufacturers of high grade paper in Canada and in addition has more recently entered the field of plastics.

There are 332,836 common shares outstanding, preceded by $6,600,000 serial bonds and $8,000,000 4% preferred shares. The stock is not traded in as heavily on the exchanges as some other somewhat similar securities, but the volume appears to be greater than a year ago, when it was last reviewed. At that time it was stated that "the outlook is for moderately wide price movements" and "better than average gain for those who hold the stock when the next upswing in the general market takes place." The figures shown above confirm this.

At that time it was also stated that the Investment Index was "encouraging and would seem to indicate that higher dividends could be paid." Howard Smith has recently doubled its dividend rate and it is likely that the shares will require some time to digest both the increased rate and the recent advance in the stock market quotations. Moderately wide price movements can be anticipated for the present.

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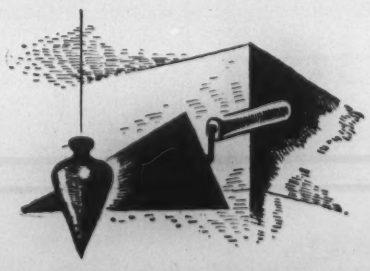

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ABOUT INSURANCE

What Differentiates Insurance Underwriting From Gambling

By GEORGE GILBERT

Why is it a gamble when an individual undertakes to pay $5,000 on the death of another certain individual, aged 45, within a period of a year for a premium of say $180, and not a gamble when an insurance company undertakes to do the same thing for the same premium?

While in the case of a single individual it is impossible to forecast whether he will survive or die in any particular year, as a member of a large group of insured lives in an insurance company he can be assumed to be up to the average and charged a premium which paid by each member will be sufficient to meet claims and expenses.

ALTHOUGH those engaged in the business are well aware that insurance is the opposite or reverse of gambling, evidently there are people who still think insurance is a gamble, and since gambling is an evil and to be deprecated insurance is against public policy. As a matter of fact, insurance is simply a means by which people for a consideration may transfer to an insurer the risk of financial loss from the happening of a specified contingency which they otherwise would have to carry themselves.

In effect, when the risk is transferred to the insurer it becomes one of a group of thousands of other similar risks, so that when a loss insured against occurs it is spread over the whole group. For example, a storekeeper might be ruined if his shop and all its contents were burnt to the ground and he had not taken the precaution to insure the property against fire, but when he has protected himself by means of insurance the loss is shared by the whole group of insured at a very small cost to each individual. Accordingly, if a person does not insure against an insurable risk which otherwise he must carry himself and which he cannot afford to meet, that person is a gambler, and his inaction is as unjustifiable as to risk his fortune on the throw of a dice or a horse race.

Principle Illustrated

A simple illustration of the principle of underwriting is given in the book "Choice and Chance" by W. A. Whitworth, M.A. He takes the case of twelve persons dining at a hotel at a cost of $1.25 each who agree to draw lots as to who shall pay the whole amount, $15, for the meal. That is, a certain disbursement of $1.25 is exchanged for a chance, 1 in 12, of having to pay $15. Supposing one of the party feels it would be inconvenient to find $15 at the end of the dinner, but that he could easily pay $1.25 or a little more, say $1.30, rather than run the risk of having to pay $15.

Also suppose the other eleven persons have been thinking the same way and the whole twelve have transferred their risks to some underwriter who makes it his business to take up such risks. What has happened is that the individual risks have been neutralized. Every one of the twelve is free of his risk, and the underwriter receives $15.60, pays the hotel bill of $15, retaining 60 cents as his expenses and profit. It is to be noted that the transaction with the underwriter depended on the recognition of the disadvantage of gambling, which induced each person to give up $1.30 instead of $1.25 in order to be freed of his risk of having to pay $15. Similarly, an insurer takes on a great number of risks, charging in each case something more than the "mathematical probability" of loss under any one risk, so as to cover operating expenses and leave a margin for profit.

Thus insurance is the reverse of gambling, while it affords a solution for the economic problem of risk and limits the speculative element in trade and commerce and in the personal affairs of individuals. It has proved a boon, for instance, to those who have taken advantage of its protection instead of wagering the welfare of their dependents against the common misfortune of illness, accident or death.

Loss Widely Distributed

As some types of economic disaster can never be entirely eliminated, losses will continue to occur with regularity but with uncertainty so far as individuals are concerned. By way of insurance a method is provided by which these uncertain losses which fall upon individuals are distributed over a large group in such a manner that the payment required from each individual to take care of such losses is comparatively small and does not impose any heavy economic burden. Insurance has accordingly been well defined as a method of distributing losses and eliminating uncertainty.

In the case of fire insurance, it eliminates the uncertainty as to whether the financial loss from damage or destruction of property by fire will fall heavily upon the owners. Business men carry on their undertakings in competitive markets which do not provide large margins for heavy fire losses that occur infrequently. They know that they would be taking too great a chance if they carried the fire risk themselves, and so they transfer it to insurance organizations, so that the financial loss caused by a fire will be borne, not by themselves alone, but by the whole body of property owners similarly insured.

While it is, of course, not known whether a particular property will be damaged or destroyed by fire, experience shows what proportion of all property exposed to fire is burned in a given year. By the collection of data on the frequency and magnitude of fire losses in the past and by the use of this data to estimate the losses which are likely to occur in the future, the laws of probability can be applied to such economic risks.

Data Must be Accurate

But the data upon which this method of estimating future losses is based must be accurate if it is to be utilized for practical application to economic risks. While it is true, as has been pointed out before, that insurance schemes have been set up without a previous measure of the risk involved, but based on the judgment of the underwriters, and that such schemes have often turned out to be financially sound, this result is generally attributed to the fact that the rates charged at the inception of such schemes were very high.

But in the case of life insurance, if risks are to be properly measured and the business conducted with safety and equity to the insuring public, it is essential that an up to date mortality table be used for this purpose. A mortality table is the instrument by which are measured the probabilities of living and the probabilities of dying. In its elementary form it gives the number living at each age of life from birth upwards, with the number of deaths occurring at each age, an essential condition being that at each age the deaths should refer to the same group of persons.

As an accurate "measure of risk" for the purpose of calculating the chances of death or survival, the application of the mortality table depends upon certain important factors. As it is a record of past experience, the mortality table should be based upon large numbers, and there should be the same characteristics and features, as far as possible, in the class and type of life from which the statistics are compiled, as will be found amongst the lives to which the table is to be applied. For these reasons mortality tables now used by life companies are based upon and constructed from experience of life insurance companies as shown by their claim records.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

J. E. CAMPEAU, president of radio station CKLW announces the appointment of E. Wilson Wardell as sales manager of that station, effective immediately. Wardell has been on the sales staff of CKLW for nine years. A native-born Detroiter, Wardell was educated at the University of Michigan, and is a member of the Rotary and Adcraft Clubs.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

British Prices Distorted By Subsidies Pyramid

By PETER INGLIS

The complex scheme of subsidies, particularly of food products, which were introduced in wartime to stabilize the cost of living, now distort cost-price relationships in Britain. The prices of food products in the consumers markets bear little relation to the prices paid to producers. Prices to consumers do not indicate the actual cost of production.

London.

THE HARVEST is nearly over (almost a month late this year) in the wheat fields which the battle for food has pushed within sight of London. Londoners, looking at the stubble which the combines and the occasional man with a scythe have left in the one-time green fields of the outer suburbs and even on highway verges and railroad rights-of-way, have a daily reminder of one of the strangest of all equations in Britain's topsy-turvy postwar mathematics:

The price of one pound of wheat equals the price of one pound of bread.

They also have occasion to ponder whether Britain's only real inflation—the inflation of subsidies—has not passed the bounds not only of good economics but also of good socialism. To keep the price of bread down to the price of the same weight of the wheat from which it is made obviously requires subsidizing with a vengeance.

The British farmer does not get the subsidy as such (although he is directly subsidized for the first ten acres of each different grain he plants; this, however, is to diversify crops, not to support the price of wheat). Where the farmer benefits is from a good fat price: $2.42 a bushel, or $96 a long ton. This price is fixed by the government.

The price at which the miller sells his flour is also fixed by the government. It is, however, only two-thirds of the price he pays for the wheat from which he makes the flour: $64 a long ton. To make this anomaly possible, the government subsidizes the miller so that he can absorb the back-to-front price differential plus the weight lost in milling, pay his operating costs and his fixed charges, and still make a certain amount of profit. Obviously this is a fat subsidy. But that is by no means the end of the subsidizing process.

The bakery, in turn, buys its flour at $64 a ton, transforms it into bread—with all the attendant costs for other ingredients, labor, overhead, fuel, distribution and so on—and wholesales it at a price which permits the British housewife, shopping bag over her arm, to walk into the retailer's and buy a 28-ounce loaf for 9 cents—which works out to $96 a ton, or the same price that the miller paid the farmer for wheat.

So far, the government has adhered stubbornly to a policy of absorbing the total increase in original costs, in spite of some suggestions that it might split the difference and pass along half the rise in the world-wide cost of living to the consumer. The question arises how long this process can continue—and also how long it is good for Britain that it should continue.

A Stock Answer

To any suggestion that the subsidy situation is rapidly passing outside the bounds of sound economics, Laborites have a stock answer: the subsidies are being paid entirely out of luxury taxes; in fact the $2,000,000,000 yearly spent on food is almost exactly the amount taken in by the whopping excise tax on tobacco (which makes cigarettes sell, when available, at 70 cents for 20).

This, however, raises two points:

First, the relatively minor one of how much the consumer benefits in the end when he gets his food exceedingly cheap but his cigarettes—which many Britons, in the drabness of austerity, have come to regard as a necessity—exceedingly dear.

Second, whether the argument really holds water at all.

Governments everywhere, even in normal times, have always taxed tobacco, alcohol and other luxuries and the receipt from these levies has been the smaller of two of the chief normal components of general revenue, of which income tax in the present century has become the larger. It can therefore be argued with some logic that food subsidies are paid out of general revenue and that income tax—which has also risen massively since before the war—pays a great part, if not the greater part, of them.

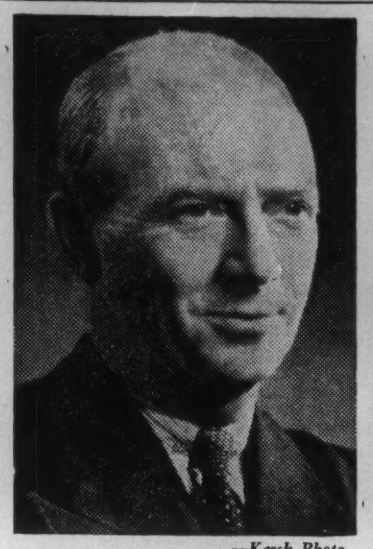
Earning More Hardly Pays

Assuming this to be so, the situation works out this way: With artificially cheap food, a man can subsist on a small income; if he earns more than a small income he is heavily taxed to pay for the cheapness of the food: therefore it hardly pays to earn more than a small income.

This may not be so—but a large proportion of British working men appear to believe it is. At the government level there are various ponderous explanations of the relatively low productivity of British labor, which is being blamed for the slowness of the country's economic recovery. At the working man's level, however, there is a simple explanation which can be heard repeated a hundred times daily in the accents of every region of the British Isles: "What's the good of working more and earning more if taxes are going to take it away?"

There is another rather anomalous feature of Britain's tax structure which may have an influence on productivity: although it has an exceedingly stiff income tax, socialist Britain does not have a capital gains tax (although the capitalist United States do). Therefore money made by speculation, by the buying and re-selling of property or by winning a football pool (Britain's approximate legal equivalent of the illegal North American numbers game) is so much gravy. Therefore, in turn, there is much more profit in some form of "hustling" or in plain gambling than there is in working. The reasons for this anomalous absence of a good source of government revenue are obscure. (One explanation—which may or may not be right—is that the clergy sitting in the House of Lords refuses to take any official note of gambling or its profits, and that the government has had enough arguments.)

Sir Stafford Cripps, Britain's economic super-brain, has been stumping the country recently telling British workers that the only way the country can escape permanent impoverishment and permanent hunger is for them to work harder. There are a good many Britons who feel Sir Stafford might have succeeded better if he had spoken instead to his colleagues in the government and suggested a revision of the subsidy-taxation formula so as to provide an incentive to work, rather than what may be the reverse.



—*Karsh Photo*

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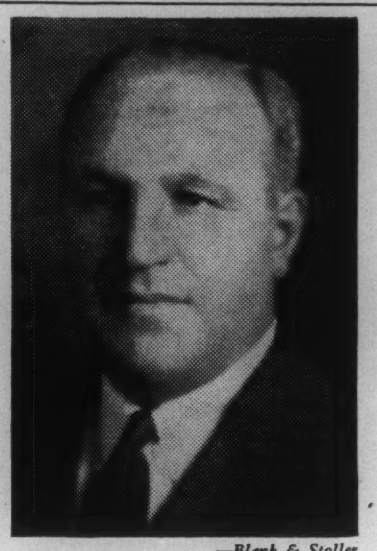


—*Blank & Stoller*

JULES R. TIMMINS

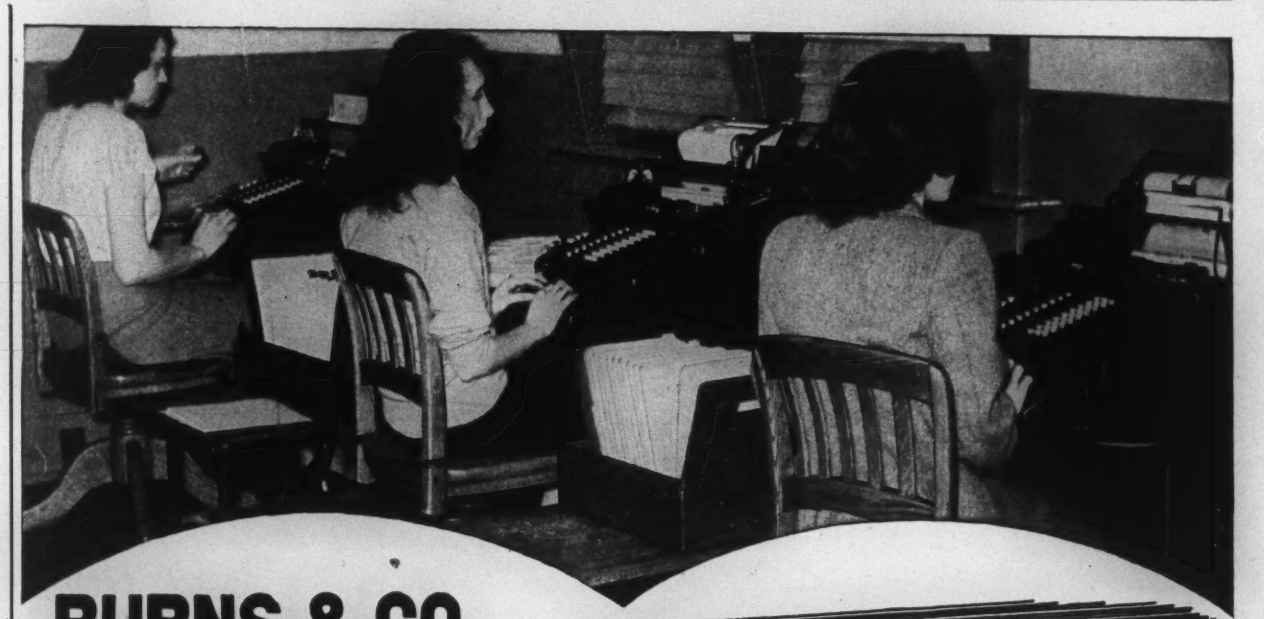
ROYAL TRUST DIRECTORS: Announcement has been made by R. P. Jellett, President of The Royal Trust Company, of the appointment of two new Directors, G. Blair Gordon, of Montreal, President and Managing Director of Dominion Textile Company Limited, Director of the Bank of Montreal, Canadian Pacific Railway, and other companies, and Jules R. Timmins, also of Montreal, President of Hollinger Consolidated Mines Limited, Hollinger North Shore Exploration Company Limited, Labrador Mining and Exploration Company Limited, Director of the Imperial Bank of Canada, and other companies.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the China Fire Insurance Company Limited having ceased to carry on business in Canada, has reinsured its liabilities in Canada, in the Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited which is registered under the Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932, as amended, to transact business in Canada, and will apply to the Minister of Finance for the release on the 29th day of November, 1948, of the securities on deposit with the Minister of Finance; and that any Canadian policyholder opposing such release should file his opposition thereto with the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, on or before the 29th day of November, 1948.

Dated at Toronto, Ont., this 13th day of August, 1948.

COLIN E. SWORD
Chief Agent for Canada



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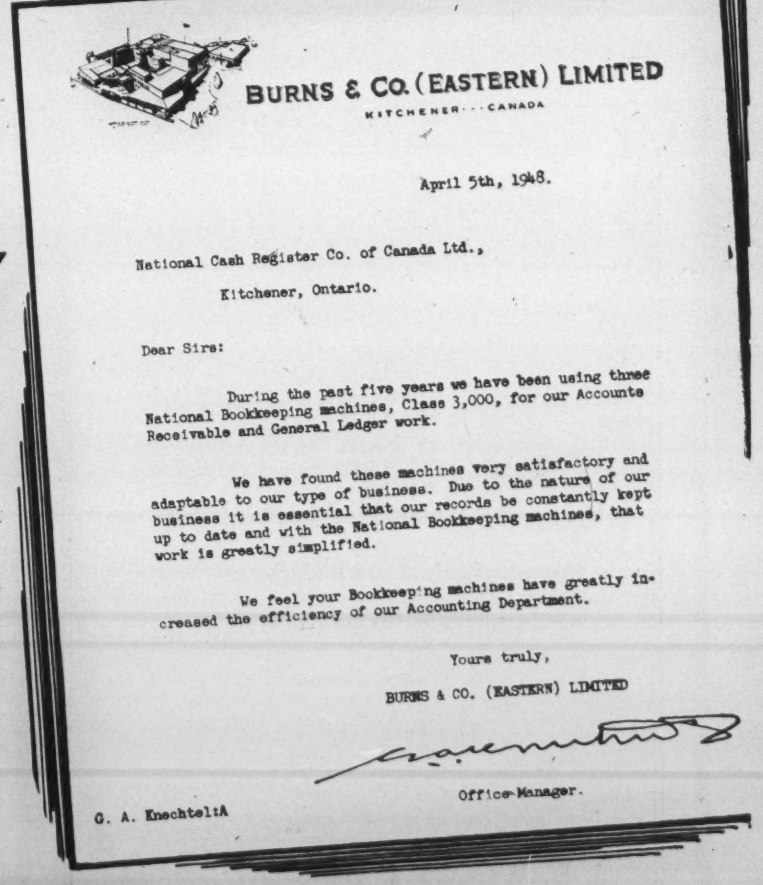

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Barbados Yard Built Ships For Latter-Day Columbus

By ALISON BARNES

In an old fashioned Barbados shipyard, the ships for the forthcoming English film "Christopher Columbus" have been built under the direction of an English yacht builder. The exact details of Columbus' ships have caused argument among historians, so a good deal of careful research went into the plans for the three replicas of the fifteenth century vessels.

The largest of these, the *Santa Maria*, burned out after launching, but the others set sail for England, where the actual filming will be done.

COLUMBUS voyage of discovery was sailed in three small Spanish merchantmen, of which the largest was only about 83 feet long. In order to film the story of the discovery of America, replicas of the three boats had to be built; the builders came up with some new conceptions of Columbus' ships which may start a bitter controversy among the antiquarians.

Sydney Box, chief of Britain's Gainsborough Pictures, the man who broke world box office records with "The Seventh Veil" and established the screen fame of James Mason, had no more sinister motive than historical accuracy when he commissioned a firm of British naval architects to build Columbus's fleet for him.

Robert Clark and his associates, who are leading designers of racing yachts, proceeded to comb the libraries and museums for every available item of information about ship design in Columbus's time. There was plenty available, in the form of books, models and pictures, but it was all incredibly contradictory and the technical evidence soon proved that most of the generally accepted models are considerably larger than the ships of 1490. Even the two full-sized replicas of the fleet, one built in 1892 and now in Chicago, the other constructed in 1927 for an exhibition at Seville, did not completely measure up with the modern designers' reconstructed plans, painstakingly prepared from all the evidence.

The first point they were able to establish definitely was that Columbus' fleet consisted of three ships—two single-decked boats or caravels and the *Santa Maria*, a bigger vessel, all of which were requisitioned Spanish merchantmen. For the purposes of the Gainsborough technicolor picture, "Christopher Columbus," they decided to build only the *Santa Maria* and one of the caravels.

The designers went to work on the principle of imagining themselves to be Genoese and Galician shipbuilders of 1490 and asking at every stage of designing and building, "How would I do that? What materials and tools would I have available?"

This precipitated a new problem. If Clark and his colleagues had been Genoese and Galician shipbuilders, they would have taken at least three years to build the *Santa Maria*. Sydney Box, they realized, was not at all likely to prove as patient as Christopher Columbus. Furthermore, Spain in 1490 did not appear to have been in the throes of a major economic crisis and a huge export drive. Both timber and labor were readily available, which was not the case in the Britain of 1948. Obviously the whole project would have to be carried out "on location," but where?

The one place in the world which had everything was Barbados in the British West Indies, where the natives were still building trading schooners with a high degree of skill and a standard of craftsmanship somewhat similar to that of the 15th century.

Fifteenth Century Ways

At Holetown (originally "Old Town"), the historic spot where the British fleet first landed on the island of Barbados, seven miles north of the modern capital, Bridgetown, there had been a shipyard as recently as the late 18th century. There the natives were still building vessels in leisurely and somewhat primitive fashion, using no more complicated equipment than the saw and the adze, which the Spanish of the 15th century would certainly have used.

The shipyard at Holetown is now a small but a modern one—so small that the stem of the caravel stuck out into the main road and warning lamps had to be hung all round it, while a huge feat of excavation was needed to make room for the launching of the *Santa Maria*. In the absence of bulldozers, that had to be done by manual labor, the men shovelling and their women carrying the earth away on trays balanced on their heads.

The island of Barbados provided better timber than anyone had expected. Not from its trees but from the ancient windmills in which the sugar cane used to be ground and which had tails seasoned by the weather for 150 years. The stem and stern of both vessels were cut out of this ancient timber, while other parts of the ships were made from the spindles which run down the centre of the windmills.

But Barbados is a long way from Shepherds Bush Studios in London and the cost of shipping the whole cast out to the West Indies would have been prohibitive. The only alternative was to sail the Voyage of Discovery in reverse and bring the ships to the producer and the stars. That meant that they must be sufficiently seaworthy to cross the Atlantic and must have accommodation for a crew with all the paraphernalia of bunks, hammocks and messrooms such as had never been dreamed of in the roistering days when men like Columbus lived in comparative luxury in the grand cabin, while the crew simply lay down on deck and slept.

Something Old, New

These vessels are certainly the strangest mixture of ancient and modern ever seen on land or sea. No pitch was used in the construction because, before the discovery of Trinidad, it cannot have been available. All visible planking is fastened with iron spikes, but inside there are bolts made by the native blacksmith at Holetown and others of the most modern design shipped out from Britain.

The crew which were sent out to Barbados to sail the *Santa Maria* and her sister ship back across the Atlantic were, to my mind, far more romantic than any film star. To a man they were genuine seamen adventurers, who either threw up their steady jobs or persuaded their employers to give them leave. In command was 38-year-old Adrian Seligman, D.S.C., wartime R.N.R. Commander, who had already made a three-year round the world voyage on a 300-ton sailing vessel and described his escapades in "The Voyage of the *Cap Pilar*," and whose war record included mine-sweeping, special services in the Mediterranean, command of a flotilla of schooners harassing the Germans in the Aegean Islands, and of an escort vessel on the East Coast of Britain.

His crew of twenty, ten for each ship, included seven who sailed with him on the *Cap Pilar*. Francis Newell, ex-R.N.V.R. Lieutenant-Commander and second mate of the *Cap Pilar*, left the ferry steamer he runs between the Channel Islands of Guernsey and Sark to become Master of the caravel. With these two sailed a member of the staff of the dignified if nationalized Bank of England, a solicitor, a civil engineer and deep-sea diver, a commercial traveller, a builder's laborer, a schooner mate, an actor, a farmer, the owner of a furniture business, a naval pensioner, a schoolmaster, a journalist, a ship fitter, a student actor on demobilization leave from the Navy and a ship's engineer who had to be contacted at sea by wireless to offer him a place in the crew.

Members of the crew and native workmen of Barbados will appear in some scenes in the picture. But long after the performances of Frederic March as Columbus and the other stars have ceased to make news, I have an idea that the controversy will continue to rage as to whether the *Santa Maria* really was 83 feet 6 inches and the caravel 76 feet 6 inches.

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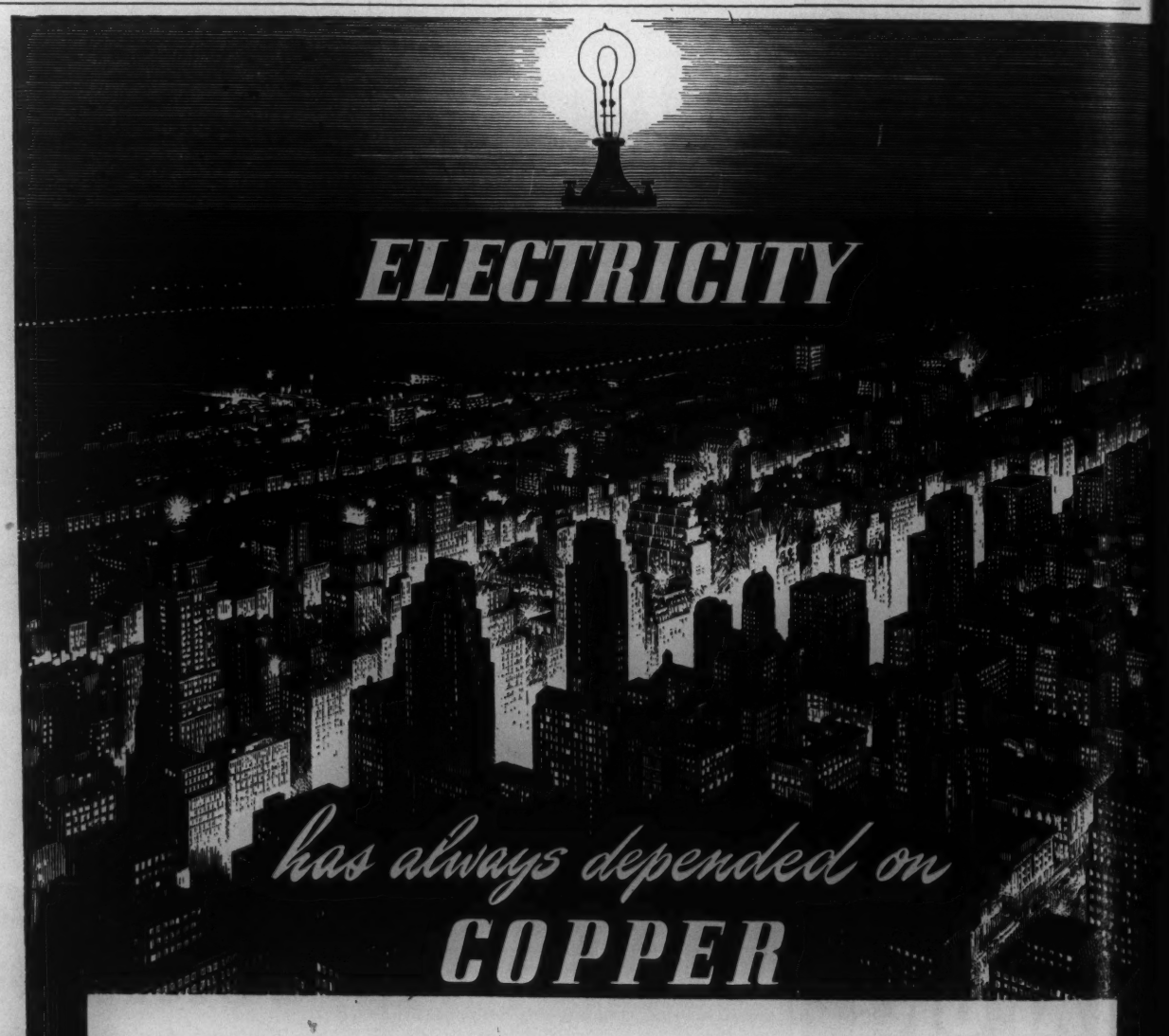

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